### TOWNSEND'S LETTER,

Washington as an All-Summer City.

Its 20,000 Trees Exhaling Oxygen, Makes It Cooler Than New York.

A Wall Street Man on Gold, Crops and Henry Villard, the Speculator.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 23.—In Washington, where everybody has his displacement brought to his attention if

will see the plumber set at the summit of him."

What kind of a man is Villard to meet?"

"What kind of a man is Villard to meet?"

reality there is seldom seen a plumber who makes much more than a comfortable sub-

This I believe. I believe of plumbers as Haley, the Negro Buyer,

in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," parried the obser vation of Mr. Shelby, that Tom, the subject of sale. was a religious person. Said Haley: "Yes, religion is a valley-ble article in a

Upon the same plane I admit that the plummet is a valleyable adjunct to the plumber. "Where virtue is these are more plumber. "Where virtue is these are more virtuous."
But modern science has more ghosts than

Statistics. Where virtue is these are more stricted. It is the control of the first raw, public-spirited natives of Washington.

Note that the strict is these are more ghosts than a 17th century Puritan, or a 12th century pope. Surely there is some star, some fire-place, some ingleside where sewer gas is not.

The tendency of all men with a little knowledge is to turn themselves natural philosophers or moral reformers. A good many preachers resolve to become so before they ever read the New Testament through or winked at the Old Testament, Like David Copperfield, they were born with a caul.

How many clean men assisted in the smallest degree to make the national capital clean? Not a word of encouragement was given in their day to the first raw, public-spirited natives of Washington cleans and the strict of his presence. At the foot of the street on which he resides flow the blue waters of Narraganisett Bay. He determined that they should aid him in accomplishing his purpose. He had probably read somewhere that death by drowning is the most satisfactory and paniless method of entering upon immortality.

Having declared his intentions to his friends, he shut upon himself the door of the house he proposed never more to enter and hastened to the shore. His parting valedictory was not sufficiently impressive or powerful to arouse abnormal sympathy, for no one followed to dissuade him from self-murder.

The water looked cool and inviting, but it proved treacherous and ungrateful. It utterly refused to be a party to the suicide, where the suicide, and the first raw and the fir

the new citizens who entered Washington to improve it after 1866.

This summer I have been here a part of almost every week, and have been a good deal hotter in New York and at the seaside resorts than right here among these 20.000 full-grown shade trees which exhale their oxygen and receive the human carbon in exact equivalent, all planted by the men of whom nobody ever said a good word.

They served the capital as much as Linboln and Grant.

quired to stay here all summer as Lincoln and Congress remained during the civil war. What a loss then would have been the

Beath of Lincoln, Stanton. Fessenden, Henry Wilson, Seward, Trumbureaus, who were modelling ships of war. improving guns and gunnery, and circum-

improving guns and gunnery, and circumventing the powers of darkness.

Has it been so e pensive to prepare this place, the selection of Washington, the concession of Hamilton, for the events which undoubtedly lie before it in the perversities of human society, and which are to make it the centre of events as great as the history of venice and Paris in the past. The forgetful public is now crying out to bring the remains of Gen. Grant "nome" to Washington. Would that have been the feeling had Washington city remained to this day the ash heap it was down to 1872? About 1869 the movement was formidable to remove—not the bones of some dead general, but the capitol itself—away from Washington.

Gen. Grant came in soon after that, and put himself at the head of the great work

Twenty Mi Lone of Grown M m the victim who is to have nominal authority over us for just four years.

Wherever I have been I have been struck with the material or money-making nature of the American people. With an extraordinary continent in dimensions, population

and income before them, the struggle to get the best of it and to sell something to it and to the outer world which believes in it is of more note than all the politics past, present and prospective.

For instance, I met only yesterday one of the junior partners in a big Wall st. house, a man of middle age, who is both Southern and Northern in his raising and stock and has all his life been watching the harvests, Wall st. etc. An entertaining person, with information he knews not the value of, he said to me: "The export of gold week he fore last caused a good deal of noise in the inaure of a surprise, but our people forget that not long ago we took st. 900 000 in gold a week out of hurone and when they take \$5.000.000 back from us they only get their own and \$3.000 000 more. The export of \$2.000.000 in cold would not have attracted any attention. We anust not expect a mood of the early cold to the said.

place, keep us alive, and we have never yet come to a point, at which we may one day arrive, where bread will be high in America, and horse feed so high that the price of horses and farrey cattle will go down rather than allow people to pour corn, cats and hay into them. Now Europe is continually threatened with short crops, and consequently we are always, in fact or in probability, about to ship our surplus to Europe and to other quarters of the world; but the greatest figure of all is the home consumption of these crops. We are the greatest bread eaters in the world. The price of sometime extraordinary, considering the high rates of waxes paid here in all departments. The poorest laborer in this country, who has no training nor education, can make \$1 a day in the rudest districts; of course, I refer to the North, where all men are employed, Now arrive, where bread will be high in Amer

a barrel of flour hardly ever costs over \$5 for the highest grade. A barrel of oil of the most refined quality hardly ever costs more than \$3, and I should say that one barrel of such oil would supply a laborer's family for two or three years. What we have left over for exportation in the grain department is not much relatively, but it sets the price of what is sold here. Whenever you see money withdrawing from the United States you may know that it is coming back if Europe is short of breadstuffs."

Said I: "Who is the biggest figure in finance just now?"

"Well, the most mysterious person in the street and that one upon whom the largest predictions are made, is Henry Villard. The understanding in Wall st. is that

Villard is Backed

Villard is Bucked those who hold deposits on the continent,

and that whatever he projects here he is Washington, D. C., Aug. 23.—In Washington, where everybody has his displacement brought to his attention if he overment brought to his attention if he overmental hund in his Oregon Transcontinental hund in his Oregon Transcontinental which as you may not know has been merged into a new company he has been merged into a new company he has had chartered in the State of New Jersey. During the present month of August the Oregon Transcontinental ceases to be. That was the machine which broke the back of Villiard just after he had finished the Northern Pacific railroad. He is now put, a half-do: en men busied themselves to advantage in selling communion wines to churches and religious societies. They made a fair profit until the California and other viniculturists of the West entered to \$80,000.000 to back it up. That will be one of the largest movements of current times en Wall st. and almost everybody who takes a hack at stocks is watching limit.

What kind of a man is Villard to meet?"

What kind of a man is Villard to meet?"

New YORK, Aug. 9.—It is ound in the dred of the our circles that there can be found hu

iustice. This at least I infer from there being in one of the arched groinings of the great building a blind-folded man dropping a plummet.

Surely this was a plummer! He was blind-folded to the amount of his bill, and his plummet indicated the certainty of sewer gas being right underneath you at all times and places.

Mr. Campbell, a well-known Washington plumber, came to see me some time ago on the South mountains, and undeceived me as to the charge that plumbers have no souls. Said he: "Persons of plain lives, not accustomed to buying metal work, such as pipes, cocks, faucets, valves, etc., are excited at the cost of such things, but in reality there is seldom seen a plumber who

s portending."
GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND. TOO FAT TO DROWN.

A Rhode Island Boniface, John Stanz, Tempts Fate in Vain in the Salt Bay.

nonster chooses its own time. It objects to

They served the capital as much as landon and Grant.

The pestiferous character of American party prejudice is sufficient to create another hell in place of that the theologians set forward no more; etherwise we would remember that the loss of a general officer in battle is equal to that of many soldiers, and that the public staff collected in Washington city of higher governmental rank and and the curious one will naturate than our officers of the army and navy, may at any time be required to stay here all summer as Lincoln the lapel of sundry coats. It is evidently a stranger upon the scene, and if the citizen's curiosity is aroused he will examine closely. He will see upon it in raised script letters the words "Anti-Treating League." The words have a significant sound and the curious one will nature that this anti-treating league is a society without any officers, bylaws constitution or meeting parlens in the vicinity of Manhattan to officers, bylaws constitution or meeting the clebrated Blossom

The Celebrated Blossom

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The critical summer as price when it reaches the shores of the new world.

The oriental who are settled here, and some of the new world.

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The clebrated Blossom buli. Wade, Henry Wilson, Seward, Trum-buli. Wade, Henry Winter Davis. Thaddeus Stevens, Collamer, and the many thousand treaters are not teetotalers, by any means. They do not all scornfully refuse a drink. But they do in a determined manner refuse to return any compliment of the kind that may be tendered to them. They give every treater to understand that, while they may drink with hun, he may never drink with

treater to understand that while they may drink with him, he may never drink with them.

It is not from any lofty motive that they bursue this somewhat odd course and adhere to this somewhat exceptional principle. They are opposed to treating because it is an expensive habit. "If I treat every one that treats me," they reason. 'I shall have to have a purse as long as a yardstick." So they give up the practice altogether, and perhaps they are wise. There is no perhaps about it. Their wisdom is of the practical kind. The habit that Americans have of inviting half a dozen friends to stand in front of a bar and nour down the liquor is one wholly without sense. And, besides, it is e geedingly burdensome upon the pocketion. The German and the Freuchman make their bibulous propensities take the form of an artistic indulgence. They mix friendship and wine together, and sometimes ade a little intellectuality by way of a flavor. The wine or beer is sipped between the intervals of conversation and not thrown down as if one's stomach were on fire and it was necessary to out out the flames with the beer or wine or whiskey.

The American can profit by the example set for for him by the Freuchman and the German. The anti-treating league may bear good fruit, but the members of the German. The anti-treating league may bear good fruit, but the members of the saciety, such as it is, ought to discounte-nance treating in others as well as them-

The Dreadful Towers of Silence.

[Denver Republican.]
"One of the novel incidents of my trip, continued Mr. Anthony, "was a visit to the Towers of Silence, near Bombay. In these towers, the dead are placed to be devoured

vultures.
There are several of them and they are "There are several of them and they are situated in beautiful grounds, set out with shrubbery and flowers. As I walked through the place, I saw, hundreds of great, bald-neaded, hideous vultures seated among the boughs of the trees. Directly I noticed that there was an evident commotion among the ungainly creatures. I in-

matter. "He answered that a funeral procession mature of a surprise, but our people forzet that not long ago we took \$5.000.000 in cold a week out of burden and when they take \$5.000.000 back from us they only get their own and \$5.000.000 in cold would not have attracted any attention. We amust not expect a flood tide and no ebb tides at all. I ascribe that condition of things," said my friend, "somewhat to the condition of crops in the West." "Indeed, the state of the crops this year in the West is a much greater item of news whatever, whether they emanate from Washington or from the outer States, or anywhere else. Those crops, in the first place, keep us alive, and we have never yet.

"Now, Samuel," said his doting mother.

by the largest class of German bankers and Makers of Hollow Coins, Freezing

Death comes to every one who waits, but too often it would appear that the grim has a number of rivals who profess to cure have an acquaintance thrust upon it; at One of them is a man who retails skunk oil, least, so some of Edgewood's citizens think. which comes chiefly from Schatice, N. Y.,

philosophers or moral reformers. A good many preachers resolve to become so before they ever read the New Testament through or winked at the Old Testament. Like David Copperfield, they were born with a caul.

How many clean men assisted in the smallest degree to make the national capital clear? Not a word of encouragement was given in their day to the first raw, public-spirited natives of Washington city, who removed the Tiber, and made, for the first time in its history, the assurance that a Congress could stay all summer safely in Washington.

Most of those men are poor today or still experimenting with fortune, while behind them the onward movement of this capital is like a blessing.

The birds of omen have been counted as they flew by as at the foundation of Rome, and our brother's blood and ruin, as in that Roman day, was the price of making the pity. Remus is no more.

I remember the old dirty class of tradesmen natives here spitting their venom upon the new citizens who entered Washington.

THEY DON'T TREAT.

THEY DON'T TREAT.

The Meaning of Bronze Four-Leaf
Clovers on Chicago Iterald.]

Perhaps the observing citizen may have noticed a peculiar appearing bronze badge, patterned after a four-leaf clover and fastered after a fou over from the Alps.

to ten times as large a figure as the latter. The five or six Mongolian gardeners whigrow these delicacies have excited publication by their practice of going out int their gardens by night with lanterns and the state of the s

asieep. An equally singular practice is covering their plants with blankets, rags and newspapers in cold weather, and with waterproof tissues when it, is too rainy. This extreme care is very profitable, as it enables them to produce larger and better crops than our own people ever do.

The South American people pay tribute to two men who import from that continent the singular stuff known as farma. This is a coarse flour resembling sawdust, made from the cassava tree. It is used in those lands almost as rice is used by the Hindoos. It is sprinkled into soups, thrown upon nearly all meats, made into stews and even employed as a dessert.

A Japanese chef or fancy cook finds employment from his own nationality in preparing the fish dinners which are so prominent a feature of life in the land of the Mikado. One of his pet masteroicess consists of a large bluefish which when served has not a single scale broken, and which

When Opened Contains sea bass, and that in turn one or tw smaller fishes in equally perfect condition. boots from one or two shoemakers who have come over from Buda-Posth. The Bohemians display an equally streng affection for their native land, in keeping two Prague hatters employed all the time in making the singular half conical slouch hats which have been the style of that country for at least two centuries.

Women of Other Nations.

least two centuries.
Humbug is a profitable field and enables quite a lot of Armenians and Syrians to convert well-seasoned oak timber into frag-ments of the true cross, rosaries from the Mount of Olives and crucinxes from Mt. armel. Comparatively few of these are old in the great cities, most of them being isposed of in the mining districts and hose places where there is a large number

it was formerly a terrible nuisance it is now a source of profit and employment. It is thrown into special furnaces, the tin melted and saved, and the remaining from melted into sash-weights and other low grade iron goods.

the Chinese Gardens Growins in America,

Chinese Gardens Growins in America,

In America,

Fishes Within Fishes Ceoked by the Skilled Culinary Artist.

Makers of Hollow Coins, Freezing Fluid, the True Cross, Etc.

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A much more difficult calling, and one of late creation, is that of micromoter make inc.

Makers of Hollow Coins, Freezing Fluid, Hollow Coins, Treezing Makers of Wall Makers of Hollow Coins, Treezing Makers of Wall Make

in directions. The dancer of breaking valuation of the propers of the part of

who are generally graduates from the ton

ly honorarium.
ch are some of the peculiar phases of life in a great city.

CROPS IN CANADA.

Satisfactory Reports from Farmer Over the Border. George Leclere, secretary of the depart ment of agriculture for the Province of Quebec, reports the following condition the crops for the month of Ju y:

Huy, medium.

Wheat, fair.
Barley, a little better than Corn, fine,
medium.
Buckwheat, good.

Tobacco, good.
Frills, under medium. In his monthly report the secretary says
The month of July has been marked by
great heat, and the frequent showers tha
we have had have done much harm to th

harvest and in some places the quality of the hay has been affected.

This month has also been remarkable for several storms, accompanied by thunder and lightning that have caused much damare in certain localities.

The heavy winter frosts on the prairies evolutes the medium quality of the law

Women of Other Nations [Illustrated American.]

American women, who queen their way through life, petted, shielded and honored by men, are considerably startled when they travel abroad by the social conditions pr vailing in other countries. Only after opserving the calm superiority of the ordinar Englishman toward his wife, French indifignorant and poverty-stricken people, ther humbugs are the men who make busine Turkish fig paste and similar deception. Other humbugs are the men who make genuine Turkish fig paste and similar deceptive confectionery.

The commoner trades evolve their own sub-industries. The cooks of the great hotels and clubs buy their snowy costumes in New York from two men who are known as cooks' tailors. They make clothing for cooks, sculliens, stewards and waiters, and for no one clese. They change their styles to cook so tailors. They make clothing for one clese. They change their styles obedience to fashion as any coctety leader.

The growth of restaurants especially of a carrows and vegrables by the barrel. In these establishments meat is bought by the carcass and vegrables by the barrel. In this wise the proprietor can sell a great piece of roast beef or a shoulder of mutton, thoroughly cooked, to a small restaurant bic across and vegrables by the barrel. In this wise the proprietor can sell a great piece of reast beef or a shoulder of mutton, thoroughly cooked, to a small restaurant bic across and vegrables by the barrel. In the melview who called calers in "free are three of these institutions in New York of similar character, but far more numerous are the men who call themselves wholesale dealers in "free the three of four men who make a living in buying up the remnants from big dinarrates, boarding-houses and sandars social affairs, assorting them so as to be presentable, and then selling them to cheap restaurants, boarding-houses and saloons. This new moustry was started only four years ago, but has prospered so well that it has probably come to stay.

A New Vocation

Other the underfined pleasing his frau the burden bearer, do the ladies of this land begin to appreciate their auther bourds his land begin to appreciate their auther bourds his land begin to appreciate their auther bounds filment mere research the first states willingly saerlice their styles in the United State

ago, but has prospered so well that it has probably come to stay.

A New Vocation

is inflicting great damage upon the billy goat of the paragrapher's humor and consists in the utilization of tomato cans, mustard boxes and other tinware. Where

Every New State That Comes In.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23.-When the President went to Boston, two weeks ago, to attend the G. A. R. celebration, the papers gave a good deal of space to the fact that the Baltimore flew the President's flag at the main. I was talking to a prominent naval officer the other day when the subject of the President's flag came up, and I then learned for the first time that it is to President Chester A. Arthur that this country owes the honor of having a distinctive flag for its chief ruler and commander-in-chief f the navy.

It is rather remarkable that before the days of Arthur, although the President of the United States is ex efficie commander in-chief of the land and marine forces whenever he happened to be on board a paval vessel there was nothing to show that she carried such a distinguished passenger, although, of coure, the admiral had his own distinguishing pennant flying from The way in which President Arthur came

to have a presidential flag, according to my

should be the color. To have put the coat and driver and perfectly familiar with the city and its environs. It is needless to remark that he gets a first-class price.

Society women who are troubled with superfluous hairs now employ what are

Known as "Ladies" Earbers."

who are generally graduates from the tonsorial establishment of some prominent bottle. Should be changed with every new occupant of the luxury of a coat of arms they would have to go without a flag. To obviate this difficulty it was arreed that the centre design should contain the coat of arms of the United States, and over the outstretched wings of the early were to be placed 13.

the revenue marine cutters, but he has to manage to get along without a specia. "royal standard."

President's Flag Excites Suspicion. There is current in the Navy Department a unny story about the first time the Presi dent's flag was "worn at the main." It was he year after the flag had been created that the president took his famous Flerida trip. Commander Kellog, the captain of the Dispatch, had received orders from Secre one of the revenue cutter stations sighted a low. black, rakish looking craft in the offing flying a strange flag. The mysterious vessel was thought to be some fiilbustering expedition, and the commander of the revenue outer wanted instructions from the treasury

in this city took the despatch to the secre-tary of the treasury and wanted to know what he should do about it. tary of the treasury and wanted to know what he should do about it.

Secretary Folger didn't know, but he suggested that Secretary Chandler might be able to help them out of their difficulty.

The secretary of the navy was shown the despatch, and, by his advice, the following answer was sent to the well-meaning, but sadly ignorant, revenue cutter man:

"Leave her in the offlug. Mind your own business. The vessel is the President's boat. The new fag is the White House standard. Order the latest flag is the White House standard. Order the lates

Why Butler Wants New States. Speaking of flags reminds me that the ther day I was talking to the chief clerk of the equipment bureau of the Navy Department, the bureau which has the purchasing of all the equipment for the vessels of the navy, and he told me that there were only two mills in the country able to make bunting of a quality good enough for the requirements of the navy. Both mills are in Lowell, and one of them is the celebrated mill in which Ben Butler has the controlling

It is rather strange that no attempt has ever been made to start a mill in the West and perhaps it is still more strange that these two mills should have no competitors. Of course there are other bunting wills in the country, but none that is able to make an article good enough to pass the government test. Gen. Butler is very glad whenever a new star is added to the flag, and if he had his way about it he would admit a new State every year. Every time a star is added all the naval and military flags are called in and new ones have to be issued.

The fact is, and I dislike to say it, there is no civilized government on the face of the globe which is so abominably mean and dissonest with its creditors as is the United States. From its debtors it exacts the very last cent, but it regards every creditor as distonest, and a person whose bill must be fought as long as there is a possible chance to stave off the payment: and when at last the courts find that the money is legally due, the government seems to interpose every technical and other objection toes.

The Government a Ead Bebtor.

The Court of Claims is a tribunal of the government's own creation, organized for nterest. It is rather strange that no attempt has

The Court of Claims is a tribunal of the government's own creation, organized for the very purpose of passing on disputes between individuals and the government; yet if judgment is rendered against the government the payment is sought to be evaded as much as possible.

No more shameful act of injustice exists than that jn connection with the French than that jn connection with the French

speliation claims. A century has elapsed since those claims were incurred, and this government, acting on behalf of its sub-jects, having settled the score with France.

STORIES OF THE NAVY.

Continues to profit by his ill-gotten gains. The claimants are put to great expense, but they had much better keep their money for the chances of their getting anything out of the known member of Congress said once that if he ever had a claim against the government of less than \$50,000 he would never make an attempt to collect it, as it would probably cost more than that before he got his money. This was the opinion of a man who has had a long experience in the collection of claims from the government of less than that before he got his money. This was the opinion of a man who has had a long experience in the collection of claims from the government of less than that before he got his money. This was the opinion of a man who has had a long experience in the collection of claims from the government and knew all the difficulties that stand in the way of the honest claimant.

A. MAURICE LOW.

Why Gen. Butler Grows Richer With Every New State That Comes In.

A. MAURICE LOW.

While the salesman continued his search for other styles the customer thoughtlessly tried No. 2 over his first choice. While this for other styles the customer thoughtlessly tried No. 2 over his first choice. While this over his first choice. While this for other styles the customer thoughtlessly tried No. 2 over his first choice. While this search for other styles the customer thoughtlessly tried No. 2 over his first choice. While this for other styles the customer thoughtlessly tried No. 2 over his first choice. While this over his first choice. While this over his first choice. While this over his gustomed another was thrown out, and after a critical examination was tried on over the two former ones, when the more hand a long examination was tried on over the two former ones, when the more hand a long examination was tried on over the two former ones, when the more hand a long examination was tried on over the two former ones, when the more hand a long examination was tried on over the two former ones, when the more han

A BATTLE WITH DEATH IN THE AIR.

Shameful Injustice in French Spolia- The Frightful Experience of a German Aeronaut in a Recent Trip-A Whirlwind Above the Woods.

> [New York Sun. The German aeronaut Wolff recently had a most terrible experience during a trip in a balloon from the grounds of the Cologne Exhibition of the Art of War. In company with Peter Schmitz and a manufacturer named Depenheuer, he started in the balloon Stollwerk at 1 o'clock on a cloudy af ternoon. The balloon flew one mile almost straight upward into the thick of a storm Wolff, fearful of the strong winds and hail around him, decided to make a landing as

around him, decided to make a landing as soon as possible.

"There was nothing but woods and woods under us." he said, subsequently. "The balloon descended with violent rapidity. I finally discovered a little clearing on a steep mountain side and prepared to anchor. The balloon descended more slowly, and the people who had observed us hurried together underneath to help us land. I drew the ventilator a little further open and motioned to Schmitz to get out. Depenheuer alighted and all was well, when suddenly a whirlwind struck us. A terrible jerk sends me on my back in the car. I jump up to find all things swimming down, down below me, and two men clinging helplessly to the edge of the car. I catch the nearest one, a peasant who tried to assist in the landing. Too late! Hisstrength is gone; he lets go, and I hear with horrible distinctness the muffed thud of his body on the ground.

"My heart sickens, but I rally to save my friend Schmitz, who still sticks to the car's side. Already the clouds are sinking be-

"My heart sickens, but I rally to save my friend Schmitz, who still sticks to the car's side. Already the clouds are shaking beneath us. We are at least two miles above the earth. I try to raise Schmitz into the car, but he has sunk so far down from the edge that I can hardly grasp his wrists, and he is too weak to make an effort for himself. Both of us groan our despair, for all seems ever. Slowly and panifully I raise him a little, set my teeth in the back of his coat, and endeavor to bind him fast with the storm line. A few moments drag by in hope and despair, and I finally succeed in fastening the rope under his arms and in trying him so to the car. There is no safety in the device, however, for were Schmitz to lose consciousness for an instant his body

lost to me.
"All this has occupied 25 minutes, and "All this has occupied 25 minutes, and we have in the meantime been slipping unward. Everything now depends on our making a quick landing. I draw open the valve, and we begin falling. We plunge into a great storm. The balloon spins around in circles, and sways about like a drunken mas. Rain. bail, thunder and lightning sweep over us. The balloon reels so that I must lie on my face to remain in the car.

so that I must lie on my face to remain in the car.

"Peter! Peter!' I call to my friend.

"Hold fast! Only hold fast!'

"No response, for he cannot hear me. The agitation of the balloon has loosened the rope and he has sagged back again, down the side of the car, so I can see only his finger tips on the edge. I creep to the side of the car, seize his right wrist with my left hand, and with my right hand and teeth I tug at the valve. tug at the valve.
"I cannot hold out longer,' comes in a weak voice from Schmitz, I am slipping weak voice from Schmitz, I am shipling away."
"One minute, only a minute more.' I cry back, 'and we will be there.'
"The nearer we come to the ground, however, the more violent becomes the oscillation of the balloon. Finally we slip over a house, a barn, and drop like a shot to the ground.

who are generally graduates from the tonsorial establishment of some prominent
hotel. Shaving the hair on the body does
not, as is commonly believed, make it grow
any faster or increase its harsiness and
strength. They generally treat their patients once a month. The trouble is not
only with the lip and cheek, but also the
arms and back.
A very expensive fad is having your portrait cut as an onyx cameo. The work is
very slow, difficult and laborious. The
image when done is permanent, and will
last for centuries. There are enough
poole in New York who enjoy this kind of
strawagance to give constant employment
to five cameo portrait carvers. The work
has been simplified of late by the invention
of several ingenious mechanisms driven by
electricity.

Besides employing horse doctors and dow
doctors, wealthy people have found room
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Besides employing horse doctors and dow
doctors, wealthy people have found room
after the invention of the invention of the invention of th

my arms.

"Today my head is dense and weighty Every bone in my body aches and pulsate I cannot sleep, and I have no peace, since can get no news of the poor peasant who fe

a sacrifice to his willingness to help me. WRITING A FAMOUS PORM

How "Curfew Must Not Ring To

night" Came into Its Author's

Rose Hartwick Thorpe in Ladies' Home Journa The poem of "Curfew Must Not Ring To ight" was suggested to me by the reading of a story called "Love and Lovalty" is April, 1867. I was then a plain, country school girl, not yet 17, residing with my parents at Litchfield, Mich., and under the pretext of working out mathematical problems, with my arithmetic before me, wrote the poem roughly on my slate. I wa forced to carry on my literary work under these difficulties because of the opinion of my parents that my time could be better employed than in "idle dreams and useless rhymes." I wrote the first copy on my slate, between 4 and 6 c'clock in the after noon; but much time has since been sper in correcting and revising it. I had n thought that I would ever be able to writ In correcting and revising it. I had no thought that I would ever be able to write anything worthy of public notice. The poem was first published in the Detroit Commercial Advertiser in the fall of 1870. The editor upon receipt of my manuscript, at once wrote me a lengthy letter of congratulation and praise. In which he predicted the popularity for the verses which they have since enjoyed. I had no literary frieads, not even a literary acquaintance at that time, and did not know the simplest requirements for preparing my manuscript for publication. The poem seemed at once to attract public attention. It raised me from a shy, obscure country girl into public notice, and brings to my side yearly hosts of new and delightful friends. Wherever I go my friends are there before me, and the poem—which I gave to the public with no "right reserved"—while it has made a fortune for others and dropped golden coins in other pockets, has reserved for its author a wide circle of admiring friends. The first and only remuneration I ever received for the poem was three years ago when the editor of the Brooklyn Magazine reproduced the poem in a fac-simile antograph form, which I had given him. With a delicate sense of justice he sent me a most complimentary check for the simple privilege of reproduction. It was quite a surprise to me, but nome the less pleasing. That editor is now the present editor of The Ladles' Home Journal.

He Was Absent-Minded. [Griffin (Fla.) Gall.]
A prominent business man of this place

like a dishon settled the score with France, like a dishon st agent puts the money in its pocket and laughs at its creditors. Years ago Congress referred the whole matter to the Court of Claims, and although at every session of the court judgments are awarded in favor of the claimants. Uncle Sam pays no attention to the demands of his creditors and

from one to the other of his places of business with the perspiration dribbing from every pore. Night comes on, and our absent-minded friend concluded to refire early and cool off. Imagine his surprise when he began to disrobe. One vest off, then the second and the third, when his wife, who was attracted by his embarrassing appearance, exclaimed: 'Henry, what are you doing with all those vests on?' Henry promised his wife a new silk and a trip to the springs if she would never mention it, and would roll up the vests for him to carry back to the store the next morning. The vests were returned, the good wife is off to the springs, and she never divulged the secret."

SLAVERY IN NEW ENGLAND.

Documentary Proof of Negro Serfdom in the Town of Bedford. To the Editor of The Globe:

existence of slavery in New England at the soldiery sounded night and morning at the

as Camp Andrew, and the tread of the existence of slavery in New England at the opening of the revolution. Our study of ancient records and glimbses into unfergrate unented garrets enable us to furnish indisputable evidence of this evil.

Slavery existed in Bedford, as elsewhere in New England, though not attended with the evils that accompanied the inhuman system in many parts of the country.

People here freed their slaves voluntarily in many instances before the adoption of the Constitution of 1780, which declares in article 1: "All men are born free and equal." No doubt others, convinced of the injustice of the system, were prevented from freeing their slaves by the severity of the laws in regard to pauperism. In order to give freedom to a slave, a citizen must give bonds that the freed person should not become a public charge; the same law forhade the admission of any one to a family with out indemnifying the town against a public charge. The records of the town furnish the following under date of March ye 23, 1761: "Col. John Lane gave a bond to Deacon Stephen Davis, town treasurer, to save and indemnify the town of Bedford from any charges that may arise by reason of his negro man's minister's rat (rate) 28, 6d."

John Lane was assessed in that year for his "negro man's minister's rat (rate) 28, 6d."

John Lane was assessed in the early wars, affairs and had slaves in the early wars, and the tread of the town from the way line wars, and had slaves in the early wars, and the tread of the town for the indians in colonial times, and morning at the call of the bugle. This was in 'call of the bugle. This was purchased by the find the suspendence of the indians in colonial times, and house product and the indians in colonial times, and house product on the indians in colonial times, and house product on the indians in colonial times, and house product on the indians in colonial times, and house product on the indians in colonial times, and his pulpite in the indians in colonial times, and his pulpite. In its 1 this town, was prominent in military fairs and had slaves in the early wars, at had freed them before the revolution,

he following is an order on the provincial the Massachusetts bay:

Sik—Be pleased to give Mr. moses Abbott, the
bearer hereof, all the wages that is due to me for my
megro man torrey, being in the country service in the
year 1757 under Capt. peaser til he goot to the
Cascel and then went to Crown point under Capt.

John Lang.

John Lang.

Although held as property, slaves were Aithough held as property, slaves were allowed to enjoy many privileges with their masters in this town. They had seats assigned to them in the meeting house. The rite of baptism was administered, and they were admitted to full membership in the church "upon owning the covenant." The church records furnish the following evidence at this point;

Bautized, Quimbo, a negro man, who confessed, Baptized, Quimbo, a negro man, who confessed,

haptized, Abraham, son of Jack, a negro slave, v. ye 11, 1753. Nov. ye 11, 1753.

In some families the slaves were held as servants, and masters not infrequently made provision in their wills for their support, but in others they were bought and sold and children were separated from their parents. They had no surname, only as custom gave them the name of their masters.

We have the original of the following: anty Court record, 1676.

Nathaniel Tay sold his negro to Mr. John Page for wenty pound in money and six pound in bill. The church register of deaths has evi-dence like the following:

Aug. 3, 1749, Domire died. A negro boy who be-by the service of the servic

We have also the following bill of sale of a negro boy; Know all men by these presents: That I, Joseph Fitch of Bedford, in the county of Middlesex.

ientleman, for and in consideration of the sum of
wenty-four pounds, lawful money of New Engand, to me in hand paid at and before the scaling

land, to me in hand paid at and before the scaling and delivery of these presents, by Joseph Hartwell of Bedford, above said Yeoman, the receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge, have bargained and sold.

. unto the said Joseph Hartwell, a negro boy about five years old, called Tefferree, now living at the said Joseph Hartwell's, to have and to hold the said negro boy by these presents bargained and sold to Joseph Hartwell, his executors, administrators and assigns forever. And I, the said Joseph Fitch, for myself, my executors and administrators, do sell the above ny executors and administrators, do sell the above aid negro boy unto the said Joseph Hartwell, and warrant and defend him against all and every other person, and will warrant and defend by these pres-

person, and with warrant and terrant by dress presents, of which negro boy I, the said Joseph Fitch, have put the said Joseph Hartwell in full possession by delivering said negro at the sealing hereof unto the said Joseph Hartwell.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this sixth day of July, A. D., 1756, in the twenty-night war of his majestic's reign. twenty-ninth year of his majestie's reign.

mark.

The military records of the town show that three leading citizens kept their slaves in the early campaigns of the revolution and drew pay for their services, but after the adoption of the constitution these same colored men receipted by their mark for their own bounty and pay for service, and are recorded on the original pay rolls, filed in the archives of the State, as "freed slaves." If any one, reading this article, desires further evidence of early slavery in New England, let him address

Abeam English Brown.

Bedford, Mass.

BEDFORD, Mass. MENTAL INERTIA.

Reporters Reporting While Asleep-A Slumbering Prima Donna. [St. Louis Republic.] There seems to be no limit to the wonders

displayed by the human subject while sleeping. Condorcet, the mathematician, solved one of his most difficult problems while asleep-a problem, too, which puzzled him during his waking hours. A professor of theology in the University of Basle ence wrote a sermon while asleep; he found it on his desk next morning. The preceding night he could not grapple with the subject night he could not grapple with the subject as he desired, but the performance of his sleeping hours was quite satisfactory. Coleridge, the dreaming philosopher, composed "Kubla Khan" while fast asieep. Next morning he was sure that there had been an acquisition to his literature, but was too negligent to write the stanzas. A few days afterward he attempted to recall the verses, but they had in most part fled; the poem, as it now stands, is but a fragment.

Jennie Lind was the most celebrated singer of her time. No one could rival her powers except a factory girl. The girl could not attempt any difficult pieces when awake, but when sleeping she sang so correctly, so like the renowned Jennie, that it was difficult to distinguish between their voices. On one occasion Jennie heard the girl, and even tested her marvellous powers by giving her a long and elaborate chromatic exercise. This the siceping girl performed much to the wooder of the famous prima donna. Reporters of public debates must often exercise themselves to their utmost to keep from sleeping. A few years ago one of the reporters for the House of Commons took down a speech while he was sleeping. His statement rests on his oath.

Calvin tells of a friend of his who read aloud while asleep. In cases of this kind the organ of vision alone is believed to be all that is active.

At 3 o'clock in the morning.
Voice (from inside the safe)—Don't use
powder, boys. I might get hurt.
Gloozey, the Nipper—Who are you?
Voice—The assistant carnier. The door
snapped to en me about ten primites are.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Farm Community.

Present Aspect of an Historic Roxbury

How few people of the present generation. know anything of Brook farm, and fewer still ever think of the prominent part it has

Brook farm is situated in the West Roxbury district of Boston, near the Newton line. It is a farm of about 175 acres, about a mile from the West Roxbury or Spring st. station on the Providence division of the

A few of the old inhabitants of West Roxbury can recall the time when this farm was the home of the prominent and talented men who composed the Brook Farm In the columns of The Globe of Sunday,
Aug. 17. "Cheisea Light" strengthened the
evidence previously given in proof of the
as Camp Andrew, and the tread of the

and moral life worthy the name. A steck and moral life worthy the name. A steck company was formed and farming utensils purchased. The best minds were attracted, and the plan at first seemed full of promise. The freedom from care, the spontaneous ness of labor, the absence of all signs of toil and anxiety, the sense of equality in condition, and the abolition of class distinctions made work a delight. There was exhilaration, joy, gayety. The new earth had come. Wealth was nothing natural development was all!

It was here that Hawthorne spent a year, and it was here he gathered his material for his "Blithedale Romance," the only effort of his pen which is a memorial in any form of art of that romantic, earnest and human endeavor for a higher form of human society.

and bumane endeavor for a higher form of human society.

John S. Dwight, the exponent of music in America, joined the movement, and taught the sweet strains of Mozart and Handel here. It was chiefly through the writings of Mr. Dwight, aided no doubt by the pen of the renowned Margaret Fuller, that adesire for better music was awakened in a fraction of the Boston concert goers.

This society was the pet scheme of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who aided and encouraged the movement and spent considerable time the movement and spent considerable here. Here the classics were taugh

deep interest in the project, and did their share of Work Alloted to Them. Sunday was kept with perfect freedom. some walked two and a half miles to hear Theodore Parker preach in his little church. which was lately damaged by fire. Others

which was lately damaged by fire. Others attended divine worship at the Catholic church in Boston, and others spent the Sabbath in the pine woods. Some others preferred special companionship at home.

No one interfered with another's quiet. An old farmer near by, familiarly called "Tom" Orange, clid their butchering. Mr. Orange died a few years ago, but his widow still lives in the same house.

The poets Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell and Holmes, the historians Motley, Prescott and Bangroft, all Unitarians, all sympathized with this movement, and some of them frequently visited the farm.

When the slavery question was at its zenith and when the abolitonists called a meeting for the purpose of stimulating operations the faither. zenith and when the abolitionists called a meeting for the purpose of stimulating opposition to the fugitive slave law. Faneuil Hall resounded with the eloquence of the members of the Brook Farm association.

Father Taylor, the distinguished sailor preacher, whose labors are still remembered by some of the old neonle hving at the North End of Boston, was a frequent visitor at the farm. Francis Ostenelli, the famous musician, was also a frequent visitor.

The Harbinger, a 16-page monthly ournal published by the association, was the outgrowth of the minds of Ripley, Dwight. nat published by the association, was the outgrowth of the minds of Ripley, Dwight, Dana Channing, Curtis, Cranch, Goodwin, Greely, Lowell, Whittier, Story and Higginson. It is needless to say its pages were resplendent with the remarkable literary productions of

These Master Minds. In 1847 the Brook Farm phalanx was more. The time was not rife for such an enterprise and the project

failed, and those who invested their money lost most of it. The farm was sold to the city of Roxbury for a poor farm, and when that city was annexed to Boston it was disposed of at public auction.

Later the property fell into the hands of the late James Freeman Clarke, and was carried on for a few years as a bay producing farm.

When the war broke out between the North and South, and when President Lincoln issued his proclamation, calling for 42,000 volunteers, the gallant sons of the old Bay State rallied around their flag. Among the first of these were Capt. Cogswell, now general and representative to Congress, who commanded the Andrew Light Guard of Salem. On the 9th of May, 1861, Goy, Andrew instructed Col. Gordon and Quartermaster Copeland to find within a convenient distance from Boston a suitable spot for a camping ground. In a few days Quartermaster Copeland returned and informed Col. Gordon that he had selected Brook farm.

After the war Brook farm became the property of the Martin Luther Corphen

Brook farm.

After the war Brook farm became the property of the Martin Luther Orphan Home, which society now occupies it, and, although the principal features of the farm still remain, yet it is far from being the same as it was when the association left it.

Tennis and Croquet.

(New York Sun.)
A tennis outfit costs anywhere from \$30 to \$50. This includes four rackets, 10 balls and two back nets to keep the balls within reach when they fly high over the middle net. A tennis court requires the services of a good gardener at least twice a services of a good gardener at least twice a week, and a marking machine with which to whitewash the lines. About every six months a new middle net is needed, and altegether the came calls for a considerable outlay during the summer season. The opinion new seems to be general that tennis is really an expert game, hence there is a continual demand for the more expensive quality of the goods. Women and children who love to dawdle on the lawn have gone back to eroquet, and tennis has been given over to athletics and consistent erethusiasts who play the game in a thorough manner.

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.]
The prefix "Mc" or "Mac." in Irish or Scotch family names, signifies "son of."
The family names Mackay, Mackey, McKay

Prefixes "Mac" and "O."

and Mages are from the Ulster Clan Mac-Aodda, signifying "sons of fire." Mc-Phaddin, the origin of McFadden, signifies "son of little Patrick." Connor was originally written "Connehobhair," signify-ing "war hound of help," and Gellagber, Galichobhair. "helping stranger." The



### EDITED BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

THE ABANDONED CLAIM.

The Serial Which Won the Prize in the Youths' Contest. BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHED. [Copyrighted, 1890, by S. S. McClure. CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW. HERE is he! Take me to him.'

where a noble life was nearing its close.

She gave one low cry as she saw the still, white face. Then she sped noiselessly to the bedside and bent over the dying man. "Oh, my husband! Speak to me. Look at me."

Not so much as the flicker of an eyelid answered her passionate call.

"My darling! Tell me that you hear me. I have come to you. Make some sign, one word to tell me that you know me."

Hewn stone could not have been more motienless, iron more irresponsive than the inanimate figure.

Then Ned and the younger lady, standing near the door, not daring to move lest they should disturb the grief-stricken woman, witnessed a heart-breaking scene.

Despairingly she chafed the hands of the dying man, placed her lips to them again and early stroked the thick brown.

A smile, sudden and feel back.

The little group was startled. Even the old doctor, accustomed as he was to dying men, was shocked at this unexpected manifestation, but he repeated his decision in an oracular tone:

"He must have an emulsion."

This time the pallid lips quivered, the head moved slightly, and a faint whisper broke the silence:

"I'll die first."

To, John was so weak that he could not lift his head from the pillow, but his eyes, wide open now, blazed with ingignant rice. A world of stern resolve made itself felt in his halting utterance.

"Very well, sir. A fine example of professional courtesy, sir. I bid you good day, sir."

A smile, sudden and feel

dying man, placed her lips to them again | sir. and again. She stroked the thick brown hair back from the forehead where the death damp was gathering. She pressed her cheek against his with a wife's supreme love, but tenderly as a mother caresses her child. And all the while she poured into the deaf ears broken protestations of the pent-up affection and grief of years. 'Oh, my darling! My poor boy, Hear

me. Awake and listen to me, if only for a moment. I loved you then. I love More than life. Even then that cruel night when you went away
—my poor, unfortunate husband—I was
sick—sick, when the colonel told me. I
came as soon as I could travel. I loved
you always, my brave, noble, unselfish
hero. Come back—come back to me that I
may make up to you for the lonely years
we have spent apart. My God, help me.

In a doctor's wife and daughter had come
to him.

He saw Mike McCrary coming, and
shouted the glad news to him, then ran off
to carry the happy tidings to the anxious
watchers at Home Rauch.
He had crossed the bridge, and was turning into the garden path when he saw
Hope, bare-headed, and with her long work
apron tied about her waist, running toward
him. may make up to you for the lonely years we have spent apart. My God, help me. Give him back. Tell him how I have waited and prayed and looked for him. Enghteen years! And then to find him only for this, break.

helplessly by the door, when they heard the old physician's step in the hall. They tried to keep him back a little and to give the older lady warning of his approach, but there was no need. At the sound of the opening door she arose, controlling herself by a strong effort. Bowing with dignified recognition of the physician's entrance, she awaited his verdict with sad and hopeless

Dr. Thompson was a cadaverous old gen-

bly save him," said the old doctor in a deep voice. "He must have an emulsion.

Dr. Thompson's emulsions were the terror of every household in the valley. Dr. John had once been known to say that more people had died from Dr. Thompson's emulsions that he had ever saved. The old doctor had heard of this speech, and there had been bad blood between the two physicians ever since.

Now, whether they are right or wrong. She was mounting the people of the valley always have it that the stairs, and there Dr. John's professional spirit was stronger was mingled entreaty | than death itself. Be this as it may, what and command in her patient care and tender nursing had failed oice.

to effect, what love itself had been powerNed turned silently
less to accomplish, was brought about by back to the doctor's this projected outrage upon his own code of

room. Past the landing, through the nariform for the sick man's hand, which an instant row passage way, to before had lain white and nerveless on his the sunshing room breast, trembled, moved, then lifted, with a where a noble life slight repellent gesture, wavered and fell

A smile, sudden and fleeting, played about the lips of Dr. John; then a look of exalted happiness swept over his face. He stretched out his hand: out his hand:
"Mary, my wife."
"She fell on her knees beside him without a word or cry. Greatjoy, like great sorrow, is often speechless.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MIRACLE A BLUNDER WROUGHT. Ned fled to the hall outside. The doctor was better. The doctor would get well. The doctor's wife and daughter had come

h. my God!"

Ned and the younger lady were crying selplessly by the door, when they heard the "Pland" he aveleimed in a received were consulescence.

his glad sense of thanksgiving at Dr. John's convalescence.

"Dead?" he exclaimed, in a tragical voice.

"Come. Come quick!" she cried, excitedly, catching his hand and hurrying him towards the house.

Not dead, thank Heaven, but living. Upon the threshold of a new life, with a renewed lease of health and strength. Standing on the porch, unassisted but feeble and uncertain as a habe when it first begins to totter through the world. On his feet for the first time in five years, looking at Ned with the old cheerful smile, and a proud flush on his face.



SHE GAVE A LOW CRY AND SPED NOISELESSLY TO THE BEDSIDE.

tleman, with a sombre countenance, suggestive of undertakers and funerais. There had never been much sympathy between him and Dr. John. Too many patients whom the old doctor had given over to die had been saved by the younger man.

Dr. Thompson was an old fogy, it is true, but even 'old fogies do not relish being superseded by younger men with 'better'.

but even old logies do not lessed better tain.

The red handkerchief!" repeated Ned in schooling and more progressive ideas.
Therefore it was with a pardonable feeling of triumph that the old doctor had answered the call to his young colleague's bedside. He had taken pains to inform everybody he met that Dr. John was worse and had sent for him.

He drew back with a start at the bedside. What was this?
Instead of the petulant sufferer he had expected to see, chafing under his enforced confinement, here was a man already marked by death, silently passing into the great unknown; one to whom earthly rival.

great unknown; one to whom earthly rival-

great unknown: one to whom earthly rivalries and differences were no longer a matter of moment.

"How long has he been so?"

The old physician was startled out of his customary composure. Heput the question to Ned.

"Since 4 o'clock this morning, sir. I sent immediately for you."

Dr. Thompson stooped and placed his ear to Dr. John's chest, laying his finger on his pulse. Then he drew from his pocket a slender rubber case, and took from it a small glass tube, which he slipped within the parted hips.

"Oh, children!" began Mr. Austin; and then he stopped and choked back something, rulling himself, as a strong man must. "You don't know what it is to have the use of my body again. It's been a hard trial; to know! was only a burden to you."

"A burden!" repeated Hope, indignantly, and the boys re-echoed the cry.

"Well, I suppose I must give up now," said the father, for his legs were weak and he felt them failing beneath him. "But I warn you it won't be for long. I'm going to take a hand in the fruit picking next season, and there's a patch of ground back of the house—that vegetable garden of yours, that you don't half take care of. I've been aching, rulling himself, as a strong man must.

"You don't know whath it is to have the use of my body again. It's been a hard trial; to know! was only a burden to you."

"A burden!" repeated Hope, indignantly, and the boys re-echoed the cry.

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the parted hips.

This thermometer was Dr. Thompson's one concession to modern science. He used it on all occasions, and, it is said, diagnosed disease by means of it. This time he took it out and looked at it, and

then around at the others with an air of "Will be live." asked Ned, and the ladies' eyes repeated the question.

Now Dr. Thompson knew enough of the signs of approaching dissolution to be sure there was no mortal hope for Dr. John. But

he had his own professional dignity to maintain, and knew that it would never answer to come so many miles to declare his inability to be of use. "Hm!" he said, straightening himself and fastening his thumbs in the button-holes of

"Hm! A bad case, a serious case, madam. If I had been called in sconer. But, ahem, as I was not"-They awaited his next words in breath-

CHAPTER XXIX.

PROVING UP.

Several weeks later a pleasant party assembled under the shade of the trees in the door yard of Home Rauch.

The doctor was in the invalid chair this time, his face still thin and colorless from the effects of his illness, but wearing a look of happiness that gladdened the hearts of all. Mr. Austin, arrogant in the consciousness of his new-found health, as long-time availed are wont to be, kept an officious watch over him, waiting upon him in an stentatious manner that amused the young copie and brought a gleam of fun to the loctor's eyes.

Mrs. Sharwood was at health as the same and the same a

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Oh, children!" began Mr. Austin; and

Mrs. Sherwood was at her husband's side, and their daughter Bessie saw at his feet, on the upper step of the little porch, in the shadow of the vines, where she could watch the others and escape observation herself.

Hope had been somewhat afraid of this accomplished and talented afri. Bessie Sherwood had been accustomed to the best society all her life. She had received a thorough equation in all that it befits a young lady to know. She had been under

not only a true lady. but a wise and sensible woman. In her own circle she had been noted for her gifts of mind and graces of person; she had even written for the papers, and written very well; yet she was shyer still of the child-woman at Home Ranch than even Hope could have been of her.

"She embarrasses me, with her odd, direct ways and her simple dignity." Bessie exclaimed to her parents. "It doesn't matter if she does wear plain gowns, she has the

ways and her simple dignity." Bessie exclaimed to her parents. "It doesn't matter if she does wear plain gowns, she has the air of an archduchess. Where did she learn such manners, papa dear?"

"From the hills and fields and streams. Dame Nature is a noble teacher. Hope Austin has no other way. my little girl," replied the doctor fondly.

There was something very teuching in the intercourse between this father and daughter. Each seemed to be perpetually striving to go back to the precious years they had lost, the years of dearest companionship between parent and child.

"Ned. I hear you have a report from Washington. What do the authorities say at last." inquired the doctor.

"I don't think you will want to hear it all," replied Ned. drawing a cumbrous document from his breast pocket. "The sum and substance of it is that our application is denied, and we now have to wait three years longer to perfect the contingent entry made in our father's name."

"Who stands here a living testimonial to the wisdom of the decision." supplied the doctor, smiling upon his whilom nurse.

"Never mind. We can afford to wait," said Ned, cheerfully. "This season has put us well ahead. We can make the house more comfortable now, and add a room or two. We have been figuring it out, Martin and I, and we think that next year we can count upon a clear income of more than \$1000."

"And an increase every year—" began Martin.

mouse-cole when the State is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices with the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices "I'll wear the state is settling up fast; the state is settling up fast;

settling up fast; the day for lancy prices has gone by."

"At any rate, we are sure of a comfortable home and an independent living."
said Hope.

"One of these days you may sell off a few acres." resumed the doctor, with a kind look at Hope. "It will not be many years before your level land will be worth \$1000 ah acre. You will be rich."

"I don't believe I could possibly feel any



NOT DEAD, BUT STANDING IN THE PORCH UNASSISTED."

richer than I do now. I feel like a million-naire twice over," said Hope, drawing a letter from her pocket, which she read

MY DEAR MISS HOPE-After due consideration with my gardener, who is also an enthusiast over our "black rose," we have decided to offer you \$500 and a royalty of 20 per cent. on all our sales, for the exclusive control of the plant. I am so sure that you have sufficient confidence in me to accept ny offer, that I take the liberty to enclose my checor the first-named sum. I should like to have the dants, young plants, shipped at once, that I may et them safely housed for winter growth. Please convey my warmest regards to Dr. Sher-yood and his estimable wife, whom I have known

rom her childhood; also to their charming daugh er, whose companionship I know you will prize. Present my respects to your father and your prothers, and accept for yourself the assurance of an old soldier's stoutest devotion. Your obedien servant.

ROBERT L. MARSHALL. apron tied about her waist, running him.

"Oh, Ned! father, father, father!" she cried, and caught him by the lapels of his coat, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"And what are you going to do with your check, Hope? Bank it or investit in a gold mine, or buy a piano, book, pictures, new clothes, jewelry—what?" quizzed the doc

tor.
"A buggy," replied Hope seriously. "The

"A buggy," replied Hope seriously. "The most comfortable that can be found, so that father can drive about every day. Oh, he thinks he is as strong as anyone, buthe lint, doctor, and he needs to be watched and soolded like a child."

Cheerily as Hope spoke, Bessie Sherwood, who was watching her narrowly, saw a troubled shadow on her sweet young face.

There was one clause in Col. Marshall's letter that Hope had suppressed, but that she could not put from her mind. It weighed unon her all the time, like a prophecy of coming trouble.

Tucked away in a postscript at the end of the page there had been a few words addressed to her alone:

"My nephew insists on repeating his visit to California this coming year. He is anoble fellow. Be good to him, my dear."

That was what made it so hard. If he were less worthy, she would not care so much. But to inflict such pain upon him, to possibly be the means of ruining his whole life.

Suddenly Bessie Sherwood, still absently watching Hope, force.

whole life.
Suddenly Bessie Sherwood, still absently watching Hope's face, saw it brighten, and followed the direction of her eyes.
Tem Bateman was coming up the path, Yet Tom had less to say to Hope than to any of the rest. When he had exchanged greetings with them all he turned to Ned.
'What news from Washington' Is your claim established?"
"It will be three more years before we can prove up." was the reply.

can 'prove up.'" was the reply.
"You are lucky to get through so soon,
Ned. There seems to be no limit to the time an ordinary man requires to 'prove up'—to his own satisfaction, to say nothing of—anybody else," observed, Tom, serious-ly, and his eyes for an instant sought Hope's, which were at once shyly averted,

his mute question remained while his adverse where the series and the doctor.

"It isn't a question of years. It is a question of a lifetime, Tom." said the doctor, earnestly, but the quick touch of his wife's hand upon his own, and her look of loving confidence, seemed to deny the assertion.

TOPPY GREEN'S GARDEN PARTY The Story of a Poorhouse Child and Queer Old Spinster.

THE END.



cookie with a snap that told of keenest ick touch of his wife's and her look of loving o deny the assertion.

LEND,

GEND,

GEARDEN PARTY

CORDINATE

CORD with the backporch stiddy and be stored with the backporch stiddy and be be stored with the backporch stiddy and keep the hens out o' them dryin' apples."

"Yes'm," replied to reply, "but I ham't eat as much as I wanted to for a week so's to make it fair. And tought I'll iest tell her, and git an awful whoppin'. That's all. But I work hard. Tom, and don't have no fun, nor nothing the stored with the stat as much as I wanted to for a week so's to make it fair. And tought I'll iest tell her, and git an awful work hard. Tom, and don't have no fun, nor nothing the stat as much as I wanted to for a week so's to make it fair. And tought I'll iest tell her, and git an awful whoppin." That's all. But I work hard. Tom, and don't have no fun, nor nothing the stat as much as I wanted to for a week so's to make it fair. And tought I'll iest tell her, and git an awful whoppin. That's all. But I work hard. Tom, and don't have no fun, nor nothing the stat as much as I wanted to for a week so's to make it fair. And tought I'll iest tell her, and git an wind work have no fun, nor nothing the statement of the st

"Yes'm," replied Toppy. She stuck one lean little finger into a morning glory bell and looked up with a queer glance of her two bright twinkling eyes at Miss Mehitabel.
"And mind you, nohouse! Be a good girl. I'll et ye off with 25 k tomorrer."

No. Von't vol't git a whoppin'?" said Tom, slowly.
"No. I won't tell 'em, Toppy, but darned if I'll eat another mouthful." and he drew up his thin frame very proudly. The rivalry in the pumpkin circle increased. Jinnie sang "Capt. Jinks," Bob recited a piece learned at a Christmas entertainment, and then Toppy gave them a lecture. Afterward there was a grand promenade through the garden and barn into the parlor to have a peep at its sombre horse-haired elegance, and finally out to the field to see Barnie. Barnie was Miss Mehitabel's 3-year-old colt, and a regular beauty. body gits into the house! Be a good girl.

Toppy, and mebbe I'll let ye off with 25 ounds on your sock tomorrer.' Miss Mehitabel gathered up the reins and started old Sukey off toward Dover, whither that austere spinster made fortnightly pil-

grimages with butter and eggs.
She did not see Toppy's small nose turn up at the magnanimous offer of 25 gray yarn rows as a reward. Toppy hunted the eggs, Toppy churned the butter, and Toppy was usually as willing a little drudge as ever worked on a farm. But today Miss Toppy

was in a state of flat rebellion.

She watched the blue tailboard of the wagon vanish down the road. Then she apron and, with speed in her heels, fire in her eyes and vigor in her elbows, she shooed every chicken into the large winter chicken coop and shut it up tightly.

She returned slowly to the house and picked up her gray sock and yarn ball from the place on the porch seat. "You masty, horrid things!" said Toppy, glaring at the dangling leg vindictively. With sudden energy she gave the needles a toss and swish; the stocking landed among

the grape leaves of the arbor. Toppy danced a barefooted double-shuffle on the soft turf. ing the stocking with a little snapping sideways quirk of her eye. "You flew up there, sockies, to git away from being made wuss lookin' than you are already." She sauntered down to the gate with a jaunty air and looked up and down the



And an increase every year-" began she had placed this firmly on her smooth,

carpet, an' its turrible stylish to sit on them!"

Bob was convinced.

Three overturned milk pans served for tables. There were apples, bread and butter, a jug of milk the largest fraction of a molasses cake, and a pile of cookies. For dessert there was some half-ripened hazel nuts and some early-ripe, sour grapes.

How the hungry eyes of the children dilated as Toppy brought the viands on! They began with low "Ahs." which gradually rose to squeas as luxury overtopped luxury, and Pete put his small teeth into a cookie with a snap that told of keenest appetite.

a kicker."
She started across the lot swinging her ear



plantains on it." said Toppy, coddling him.
"Scoot down to the brook, Tom, an' pull some big plantains while I git the mud."
The tiny foot was tenderly bound up, Marthy's hair received a good combing at the hands of her hostess, little Pete was furbished into respectability with water and a salt sack towel, and then the party began. Six yellow pumpkins were placed in a circle out behind the hop poles.
"Them's chairs, ladies and gentlemen; sit right down" said Toppy, capering gleefully till the marigolds and dahlias showed signs of tipsy confusion.
"Huh!" said Bob, coming down with a bounce on his pumpkin, which threatened to rend that vegetable marrow in two.
"This is meer style!"
"Shut right up, Bobby Smith, or go home," said Marthy. "These is the same as them little stools at the minister's, made out o' carpet, an' its turrible stylish to sit on them!"

Bob was convinced. Toppy dared not speak as she watched the prin face. It relaxed strangely, as she put the pitiful floral decorations, now witted to the last decree, out in the woodshed.

'So you would have saved Barnie, eh?—Even if that scamp had half killed ye?"

'Yes'm" said Toppy, meekly.

"Did you sling that sock up into the grape arbor?"

"And pen up the chickens?" "An' hook my vittles?" "An' have a party?"

"Yes'm."
"We'l now, tell me all about it. I won't
whip you—not even if you took my pound Thus encouraged, Toppy made an open confession Miss Mehitabel picked up her own yarn

Miss Mehitabel picked up her own yarn sock and knitted vigorously.

The rocker creaked to and fro. Toppy watched her in increasing wonder.

"So them children git pretty hungry, hey? An' you go half full so's you kin feed 'em up on the sly?"

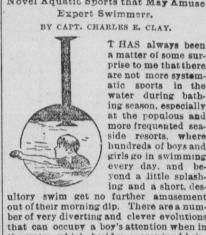
"Yes'm, murmured Toppy.

"Well. now. see here: if I let 'em come here every Saturday afternoon and have a tea party d'ye think you kin let my punkins and pantry alone, an' do yer stint on that stockin' in peace, without shyin' it into th' grape arbor."

A lump came into Toppy's throat at that kindly. good-humored tone. She saw a splendid vista of "fun" in righteous fashion. She cried such tears as no lash could ever have brought to her eyes, and, limping impulsively across the itoor, she leaned over and kissed Miss Mehitabel with a sound smack. That lady dropped her knitting in something like confusion. Then her hard hands stroked Toppy's pigtails softly, and, with a queer blur in her eves, she said, "Toppy, you were a good child to save our Barnie." And Toppy's sins were forgiven.

PLAYING WATER POLO.

Novel Aquatic Sports that May Amuse Expert Swimmers. BY CAPT. CHARLES E. CLAY.



at the populous and more frequented sea side resorts. where hundreds of boys and girls go in swimming yond a little splash

Mehttabel's 3-year-old colt, and a regular beauty.

"He's wild yet," said Toppy; "only half broken, and he won't come to nobody so quick as me."

She armed herself with an enticing ear of yellow corn, and they started for the pasture. It was a long sloping lot covered with clover rowen. The colt was in an upper corner. They could see the whisking of his tail as he stood with his head across the rails as if he had sought the wood lot cover for the shade.

"That's queer for Barnie to do," said Toppy in a puzzle. "You kin only peep through the bars, young ones, forthat colt's a kicker."

Watter follo and futtle splashing ing and a short, desultory swim get no further amusement out of their morning dip. There are a number of very diverting and clever evolutions that can occupy a boy's attention when in the water, which, besides exercising his ingenuity and calling into play his inventive faculties, are a very beneficial addition to the development of muscles and sinews, and teach him a great many ways of handling himself when suddenly and unexpectedly immersed in the water.

Watter follo and Tournaments. WATER POLO AND TOURNAMENTS. The English amuse themselves with She started across the lot swinzing her ear of corn by the husks, and singing in cooing toue. "Here, Barnie, Barnie Barnie Barnie bore out his reputation as a kicker by raising his unshod beets and beating the ground furiously as Toppy advanced toward empty kerosene barrels coopered water tight. From its shape and buoyancy, how ever, you could never ride it if it were not weighted by a leaden keel. Besides this you should fix to each side of the lead keel him. "What ails you?" cried Toppy in a tone of superior command. "You don't think I'm scared of your heels, Barnie Laterat, do But on nearing the fence she saw to her

a strip of board about six or eight inches deep. This will prevent the tarrel from rolling round and round in the water. Cut a slo out on each side where your legs drop to the water when astride. Take an



A WATER TOURNAMENT.

I have known boys to become so expert i I have known boys to become so expert in riding their kerosene-barrel horses, and have their steeds so nicely weighted and balanced by their side keels, that they could stand on their horses and paddle at a considerable rate. Of course you will readily see that such an expert has a great advantage over one who is sitting astride his barrel.

OBSTACLE AND TUB RACKS.

OBSTACLE AND TUB RACES. Some very interesting diversions can be in the present, and those in voque in that inserted into a programme of swimming and distant past of his boyhood, were wont to distant past of his boyhood. Pa

the einst obstacle, which can be two or three long, heavy soras anchored at right angles to the course, and at equal distances you can place other obstacles in the shape of six or eight barrels lashed together with oth heads knocked out. They are anchored to craw through them. The next obstacle is can be arranged in the shape of a raft composed of stout planks lashed together. The swimmers should be not never in the swimmers should be not provided the under these.

If you have two or three polo teams or gant ed a capital obstacle is formed by an incoming the swimmers to scram in an are required to the swimmers to scram in the arm of the levy come after turning the swimmers to scram the turning. The turning the buoy, the fluish, of course, to take place on the sand from the starting line.

Another very amusing incident is the tub race. Each competitors supplies himself and the competitors supplies himself are turning the buoy, the fluish, of course to take place on the sand from the starting line.

Another very amusing incident is the tub race. Each competitor supplies himself and the competitors with a population in 1830 of 130,000.

States that in 1870 of 41,000 to a stranged along side of a bathing float, on which all the competitors supplies himself are supplied by the surfaces are nown population in 1830 of 130,000.

States that in 1870 were hardly reclaimed to the surface are nown as infrequent as seen nown as infrequent as seen nown as infrequent as a series and the competitors that the trackless prairies are nown as infrequent as a series of the surface and the competitors that the surface are nown as infrequent as a series of the surface and the competitors with a surface of the surface and the competitors with a surface and the competitors with a surface of the surface and the competitors with a surface of the surface and the competitors with a surface of the surface and the competitors with a surfa have got as many as your breath will allow in order to shoot rapidly up to the surface give a sharp kick with both feet on the bottom; as soon as you arrive with head above the surface throw yourself head above the surface throw yourself in a floating position on your back, and accumulate your saucers in a pile on your chest. You will find this the easiest way to carry them safely to the float for I have often known boys who have picked up 10 or a dozen saucers, to lose half of them while carrying them to the float, because they could not hold them while swimming on the chest.

Q:

a slo out on each side where your legs demonstrations. A rope nose had been thrown over his head and drawn almost to the choking boint. The rope was fastened hastily to a tree trunk in the wood, and a man, who had been preparing to take down the fence rails at Tonpy's first hail, stood glaring angrily at her. He was a fashily diesse man. A wood road led down for a mile through the woods to the Shawangunk Club house. Tonpy knew men of questionable reputation often congregated there from the city.

Nothing daunted she climbed upon the rails at light and nimbly as a squirrel and addressed the man.

"What you want with Miss Mehitabel's "a slo out on each side where your legs attempts at one time of bathing. It is a good plan to stuff your ears with a little attempts at one time of bathing. It is a good plan to stuff your ears with a little attempts at one time of bathing. It is a good plan to stuff your ears with a little attempts at one time of bathing. It is a good plan to stuff your ears with a little attempts at one time of bathing. It is a good plan to stuff your ears with a little attempts at one time of bathing. It is a good plan to stuff your ears with a little attempts at one time of bathing. It is a good plan to stuff your ears with a little attempts at one time of bathing. It is a good plan to stuff your ears with a little attempts at one time of bathing. It is a good plan to stuff your ears with a little attempts at one time of bathing. It is a good plan to stuff your ears with a little attempts at one time of bathing. It is a good plan to stuff your ears with a little attempts at one time of bathing. It is a good plan to stuff your ears with a little attempts at one time of bathing. It is a good plan to stuff your ears with a little attempts at one time of the outon to with your ears with a little attempts at one time of the outon to with your ears with a little attempts at one time of the outon to with a little attempts at one time of the outon to with a little attempts at one time of the outon to wit No boy should be allowed more than three

DIVING FOR SAUCERS.

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRES. What a Man of 30 Can Remember-Some Interesting Examples. [Yankee Blade.]

It used to be the unchallenged prerogative of the old man to indulge in reminiscences. He used to tell to the wide-eyed wondering the ways of living between those in vogue in the present, and those in vogue in that Country Gentleman....

was busy in explaining a Wagner ecstasy; very funny writer, whom no one ever greeted— although a large-sized audience the king of jesiers dubbed him— ming somewhat brighter, an awful pun com-pleted, when with decisive action they all rose pp and clubbed him; zen lovely lasses, poetic tales rehearsing, threw love-sick glances at me that worked like

miracles, and I on dew-decked grasses sat long with them tragic (that is to say, according to all romantic

lore),
I found I did but miss them—for such is nightmare's
magic; I left my bed and dreamland and
tumbled to the flor! O Woman, Lovely Woman!

[Texas Siftings.] "There are some queer couples in the orld." remarked a real estate agent. "The other day a man and woman called to see me about renting a flat. The woman did all the talking and turned to the man for confirmation or corroboration. He always agreed with her, and did it very meekly." Well" said the woman, "I'll give you \$25 for this flat; won't we, John?"

"And I'll pay my rent promptly, too; won't a John?" we John."

'Yes'm."

'And take good care of the house; wont I,
John?"

'Yes'm"

'But," I inquired, 2s is usual in such
cases, "are you man and wife?"

'Man and wife!" exclaimed the woman,
sharply; "indeed, we are not; are we,

"No'm."
"What!" says I, "not man and wife?"
"Not much! I'd have you know that this family we are wife and man; ain't John."
"Yes'm."

He Wesn't In It. "At last I find you alone," sighed Reginaid as he attempted to seat himself in the hammook beside the fair Ethelwind. "At last I can tell you of the love that is con-suming me, and—" suming me. and—"
"Reginald!" some one called from the dark piazza. "are you out there in the ham-

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"No," replied the fair Ethelwind in cold, THE WEEKLY CLOBE, measured tones; "no, he isn't in it."

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# FRIENDS AND FOEMEN.

# A Story of the Civil War in the Border States.

BY ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

Scene, Kentucky, on the breaking out of the civil war. Ralph Stanley and Herbert Gore, who have been friends from boyhood, are captains, Ralph in the Union, Herbert in the Confederate army. Ralph loves Edith Clyde; beautiful, but of a shallow nature. On a prisoner brought before Ralph is found a letter from Gore to Edith mentioning their engagement. Ralph had not suspected Gore's liking for the girl. A prisoner in the hat and blouse of a Union cavalry man is brought to Ralph's tent. It is Herbert Gore.

Ralph sends Gore to the rear, promising not to charge him with being a spy. While being conducted to the provost marshal, in charge of Serg. Carter. Gore throws away his hat and coat; Ralph has sent a note regarding the prisoner to the provost marshal, which the sergeant loses on the way. On his arrival Gore is about to be booked as a prisoner of war, and gives a fictitious name, when Maj. Fleming, inspired evidently by some malicious motive, rides up and denounces him as a spy, and the charge is entered against him, although Gore has stated that he can explain why he was wearing the Union uniform. After a hard-fought battle, in Union uniform. charge is entered against him, although Gore has stated that he can explain why he was wearing the Union uniform. After a hard-fought battle, in which Ralph distinguishes himself, he is summoned to appear as a witness against Herbert.

The court martial is being held on board a trans-

port. Agnes Fielding, a colonel's daughter, a girl

ddered when she read of his going into Buell's shuddered when she read of his going have samp in disguise at Bowling Green. Gore, questioning Fleming, who puts the letter in evidence, states that he thinks Fleming capable of having forged the letter, and asks Fleming if he has not proposed for Edith's hand. . . . The court anhounces that it has made its decision.

Gore is condemned to death. Agnes plans his es-tape and is assisted by Ralph, who substitutes his polored servant. Archy, for Gore, and the Confed-trate captain rides away on Ralph's horse.

Mr. Ellison the port chaplain and a most estimable gentleman, remained with the prisoner the night before till 11 o'clock. He kept his promise to be back by daylight, for he appeared at the log guard house while it was yet so dark that the figures of the guards about the building could not be seen

he appeared at the log guard house while it was yet so dark that the figures of the guards about the building could not be seen 10 feet away.

"Are you awake, my brother?" was Mr. Ellison's salutation as he entered the tent.

"Yee, sah," came the reply in a tremulous stiss,"s. If Mr. Ellison noticed any change in the accent, he attributed it to the excitement of the condemned man. Without more ado he offered up a prayer for the prisoner, and as he stood with upraised face, invoking heaven's mercy for the condemned man, the gray dawn crept in through the door and chinks of the cabin.

The good chaplain's prayer was full of feeling and undoubtedly came from his heart, but it was placidity itself compared with the exclamation that burst from his lips when he looked down after the concluding "Amen" and saw the woolly head and frightened face of the black boy. Archy had been caution? by Agnes not to make any reply when que wooned after his discovery, but although he had promised obedience he did not have strength or presence of mind for the ordeal when it came.

It may have been the life-long habit of obedience to the white man that led him to reply in response to the chaplain's inquiry:

"Ize ony jes' Archy."

"And who's Mauss Ralph?"

"Cap'n Stanley"

"And where is the prisoner?"

"He's done gone," said Archy; and to make sure that the information was quite correct, he looked about the cabin with an expression of awe and wonder.

"Where has he gone," gasped the chaplain.

lain. "I don' know. but I 'spects he's cleared

"Yes, sah: I done took young Mauss Bert Goah's place." said Archy, his presence of mind and courage coming back, now that the discovery did not result in his immedi-

ate destruction.

The chaplain ran out and shricked to the hearest guard;

"The prisoner is gone!"

"Gone!" shouted the guard.

Then he stood on tiptoe, and with all the force of lung he could command he roared: "Corp'ral of the guard! Wanted at Post Number One!"

The corporal of the guard leaped up from the guard of the guard leaped up from the guard of the guard leaped up from the guard leap

Number One?

The corporal of the guard leaped up from his damp couch, under a bullet-scarred tree near the cabin, and came running over to learn the cause of the alarm.

"The prisoner has escaped?" was the startling communication.

The corporal ran in and searched.

"There was a black boy here a moment ago," said the chaplain, who had entered with the corporal. But the most thorough search, under the rough bunk and up the clay chimney, failed to discover the prisoner or his substitute, for Archie had availed himself of the confusion to sneak out unobserved.

The bugles were sounding the reveille in Pittsburg Landing when the news reached the provost marshal and the commandant of the post that the man who was to have been hanged that morning was missing.

Maj. Fleming and a few men of his stamp were furious with rage, but the great mass of the well and the wounded whispered a fervent "thank God!" when they heard the news.

At Maj. Fleming's suggestion, a troop of cavalry was sent out to hunt for the prisoner, and to bring him and the black boy back "dead or alive."

Once outside the line of guards, Archy inhaled a long breath of relief, looked back at the tents visible in the increasing light, and then ran with all speed towards the south.

He had sense enough to know that his

the south. He had sense enough to know that his

master had made his way back to his command and that he must find him or Never a fugitive slave, nerved by the baying of the bloodhounds behind, ran faster than he. Now and then he glanced back, and drew comfort from the fact that there were no men who looked like pursuers in sight.

Had he kept away from the roads he

Had he kept away from the reach ne might have succeeded in reaching his master, where he imagined he would be safe from every harm; but fearing to lose himself in the woods, he kept straight along the road, still strewn with the debris of the late battle, and along which the Rifles had ridden when the pursuit of the enemy was reduced.

ridden when the pursuit of the enemy was ordered.

It was about two hours after leaving the hut, and the sun had dispelled the mist and clouds, when he heard the pounding of hoofs, the rattle of bridle chains, and the clanking of scabbards behind him.

He looked back, and saw the cavalry a lew hundred yards away, and that they saw him, and were in search of him was byident from their shouting, and the increased speed of the horses.

Gasping "Good Lordy!" Archy sprang out of the road and into the bordering woods. He ran as a man runs for his life, but soon the woods were full of galloping troopers, and they seemed to be rushing down on him from every side with their sabres frawn, and a particularly savage look in their faces.

Beliewing that they meant to kill him, Archy glanced duckly about for the most elimbable tree, and seeing one whose umbrageous branches promised safety, at least from the swords, he sprang into it, and began to ascend with the speed of a hunted squirrel.

The blue-clad troopers reined in their panting horses about the tree, and that they were not nearly so bloodthirsty as their

The blue-clad troopers reined in their panting horses about the tree, and that they were not nearly so bloodthirsty as their looks indicated was evident from the peals of laughter with which they greeted the lugitive's exploit.

The young officer in command of the troop called up:

"See here, my man, who are you?"

"Arely, sah." was the response.

"What's your other name?"

"Ain't got no udder name, sah. Ize jis Archy, 'n noffin moah."

"Who is your master?"

"Mauss Raiph."

ofter. As he left the house he heard desultory firing in the direction of the timber where his men were posted, and on reaching there he found that a prisoner had been captured. "What is your command?" asked the captain, when the man was brought before

"Mauss Ralph!"
"Mauss Kalph! Hasn't he got any other

"Yes, sah."
"What is it?" "What is it?"
"Cap'n Stanley."
"Ha! you are the rooster we want. You are the fellow who helped the prisoner Gore off last night."
"I-I specs I is. sah; but foah de Lor' I didn't meam no ha'm. Yeh see, sah, young Mauss Bert Goah, he didn't want to be hunged 'n-"

"I belong to the Border Rangers," said the prisoner, with a boastful manner.

"Commanded by Capt. Gore?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is the captain now?"

"If you push your men into them woods you'll find out d-d soon whar Cap Gore and his men is." said the man with a backward jork of his shaggy head.

"Why, I heard Gore was a prisoner."

"So he was, and the cussed Yanks was agoin' to hang him; but he gave 'em the slip, got back this mornin' and I reckon he'll be g ad to see you and give you a warm welcome if you'll jest hunt him up," laughed the man.

'I am here to receive company and not to pay visits." said the captain, and there was an expression on his face that greatly puzzled the Confederate.

CHAPTER XIV.

Capt. Stanley succeeded in reaching his command soon after daylight, and, though it was noticed that he rode his servant's horse and that the servant was missing, no comments were made by Lieut. Polk nor by his men. But a feeling of great relief pervaded the troop when it became known that Bert Gore had made his escape.

"I am heartily glad you are back, captain," said Lieut, Polk, while they were at lain," said Lieut, Polk, while they were at lain," said Lieut, Polk, while they were at lain," said Lieut, Polk, while they were at lain."

"I belong to the Border Rangers," said the

"Yes: musket ball through right lung; Wonder he didn't die on the field."

What are his chances?"

"Not the b st; but he's young and strong. And that sister—by Jove! she's a splendid girl. She'll pull him through or kill herself trying. I tell you, captain," and the doctor threw himself down on a blanket and assumed a philosophical manner that was peculiar to him. "it is he women who are suffering and will continue to suffer most in this war. The bullet but seldom stops in the heart it pierces on the battlefield but wings its way over mountain and tood till it finds its final lodgment in some woman's heart."

"It is so North and South," said the captain in the same mood. "Yesterday I saw Agn's Fielding of Ohio nursing her wounded father. Today it is Miss Loring of Georgia nursing the wounded brother; and so with the wounded and the dead it will continue all over the land till the end comes. When that end will be, God only knows; but there are thousands of us besieging Corinth tonight, and other thousands wearing the gray beyond those woods who will never see it. As for myself, I will confess that when I think of the effect of my death on my mother it makes mea coward."

"Very true, Stanley; but much as she

To this the young officer replied with re-

To this the young officer replied with reassuring frankness: "I am Capt. Stanley of the Union army, and I have the honor to command the men at this point. We are here to protect and not to destroy. My men have orders not to enter your house, but as we have not brought fodder for our horses, we shall be forced to use whatever we can find on your place. In return for this protection I must get your promise not to communicate with the enemy while I am here."

"I will gladly promise," said the old man, but I particularly desire that neither you nor your men shall enter my house."

There was a nervous earnestness in the planter's manner that aroused the captain's at least.

A week passed, during which time the
Rifles and the Rangers had occasional
brushes and many verbal contests in the woods.

In the meantime Capt. Loring had steadily improved, and Dr. Windom declared him out of danger.

With this assurance the color came back to Dora's cheeks and the light to her dorious brown eyes; and she seemed to take a quiet delight in the presence of the handsome young captain.

ous brown eyes: and she seemed to take a quiet delight in the presence of the handsome young captain.

The old planter's frigidity was completely thawed out and one night he went so far as to avow to the officers his love for the Union, and to suggest a plan whereby peace might be restored with honor to both sides. On the morning of the eighth day three squadrons of the 2d Michigan Cavalry came to relieve the Rifles and Capt. Stanley had orders to report to Col. Elliott on the luka road, some miles away.

The cavalry had with them a good surgeon, whom Windom introduced to the Lorings, and who gladly agreed to do anything in his power for the wounded man.

When camp was "broke" and the Rifles were ready to leave, Capt. Stanley went up to the house to bid goodby to his "Confederate friends." as he called them, and he was much touched by the old planter's regret at the parting.

Dora Loring was visibly affected—how could it be otherwise—at saying "farewell" to the man from whom she had received so many courtesies, and who quite as much as the doctor, she believed, had been instrumental in saying her brother's life.

"I never thought," she said, "that I should ever pray heaven to preserve in the hour of battle the life of a man wearing your uniform, but in no other way, Capt. Stanley, can I show my gratitude."

"If we knew each other better, Miss Loring, North and South, the war would end in 24 hours. We are the same people, mem-

There was a nervous earnestness in the planter's manner that aroused the captain's suspicions and led him to think there might be some of the enemy hiding within.

He had not thought of entering the house, but on the instant he said:

"It is my duty to search the premises, to make sure that there is no enemy in hiding and no contraband articles of war here."

Without waiting to see how the planter took this, Capt. Stanley called a guard and at their head he entered the wide hall.

Seeing that the young officer was set in his purpose, the cld man dropped his haughty manner and said, appealingly:
"Sir. I will tell you the truth. My nephew, who is a captain of artillery from Georgia, was severely wounded at the battle of Shiloh and I had him brought on here to be cared for. Two days since his sister came here from Atlanta to nurse him, and she is now with him in the room formerly my library."

"I do not doubt your word. Mr. Loring, and I can assure you that the wounded officer and his sister shall receive every consideration at my hands: still, I must make the search, and it will make matters much easier for me and pleasanter for you, if you accompany me and keep nothing back."

Making a virtue of necessity, the old man went with the captain over the house. Mrs. Loring, a stately old lady, kept on with her

man baseles forms and releasanter forvoing if you accompany me and keep nothing bas."

If you accompany me and a keep nothing bas. "And now the war would not have been as and incidirects to several the captain over the house. Man me was a with the captain over the house have raising her ever and incidirects to several the captain over the same people, members of the same family, only trained somewhat was a control of the captain. The property of the captain. The control of the captain over the captain. The control of the captain over the captain. The old man pushed the door open and the captain over the captain. The control of the captain over the captain. The control of the captain over the captain of the captain over the captain. The control of the captain over the captain the captain ove

on the morrow, when the gloomy thoughts was broken by the talking of two men outside.

"Can't get in without a pass." said one, evidently a guard.

"Wa'al, I got a pass." was the reply.

Then followed the crumpling of paper and the question:

"Are you Sergt. Hank Carter?"

"I ain't no one else."

"Belong to the Riffes, hey?"

"Yes; what have you'uns got agin 'em?"

"Oh, nothing," said the guard, apologetically.

"Oh, nothing," said the guard, apologetically.

Then the door was opened, the sergeant entered, and it was quickly closed again.

"Cap'n—Cap'n Stapley! doggone my skin if hit don't cut me down deep to the marrer to see you heah." cried Hank, as he extended his un wounded arm.

Making room beside himself on the trunk for the sergeant, and retaining his hand till he sat down, the captain said.

"I am glad you have come, Hank; how is the wound?"

'Oh. I reckon she's a doin' all right; 'tany rate, I aint give the wound nothought since I heerd Mai, Fleming doggone his pictur, was a plannin' to trap you just as he trapped that ar pore niggal hoy Archy;" and Hank raised his well arm and shook his head savagely.

savagely. "Then Archy is a prisoner," sighed the

captain.
"Yes: got him locked up down ter the Landing."
"How did that come about?"
"You know they 'scovered him?"
"Discovered him?"
"Yes: they cotched him in the place where Gore hed been, an' hit'd be all too funny if hit wasn't for the consekences. But they got Archy rattied."
"And he confessed all?"
"Wa'a', no; I won't say jist that; but

they thought as how he had confessed till they'd heard his second 'count, which didn't tally with the fust by no manner of means. Archy has got all the doctors puzzled, an' only today they talked of holdin'

"An inquest. Hank?" "Yes, a reg'lar inquest."
"But what for?"

"To see whether he's crazy or not; but I could save them the trouble if I was sot could save them the trouble if I was sot that way."

"How is that; what would you tell them?"

"Why that Archy's playin' 'possum. He didn't start out to fool 'em in that way, but now he's got the game down fine, an' he's a playin' the dodge for all hit's worth. But thar's one thing that puzzles me."

"What is that Hank?"

"That they ain't never suspected me."

"You?"

"You?"

"That they ain't never suspected me."

"You?"

"Yes: when you look at me. Cap'n, you see the vile traitor as put Miss Fielding up to the dodge o' taking Gore out and leavin' Archy in. Ah, hit's a downright pity that galhed to to leave, but her father hed a fever, an' the weather was a gettin' hotter, an' the leg got to swellin', so they reckoned that the ony to save him was to tote him off whar it was cooler. Cuss that sneak, Fleming: I wish the ole boy'd tote him off whar its hotter an' no cool drinks about," said Hank Carter, and he brought his fist down on his knees with a force that made the bunk creak.

"Did you see Miss Fielding before she left?" asked the captain, after a pause.

"Yes, sah: an' she begged me to write and tell her how things came out. Three davs ago I sent word as how we uns was now shuah that Gore hid 'scaped. An' now I'M send her word that on' count o' that they' we done gone made you prezner."

"You must do mothing of the kind, Hank."

You must do mothing of the kind,

"But I promised."
"Never matter; the poor girl has treable enough of her own. I propose to fight this "But, cap'n!"
"But, cap'n!"
"What is it, Hank?"
"Do you know what some of the boys

"That you'll hev to take his place."
"That you'll hev to take his place."
"Who's place?"
"Gore's; an' that they'll hang you. But by the sperit o' the Smoky Range, Flemug, he won't never live to see hit, d—

is pictur."
Hank rose up, and began pacing the lim-Hank rose up, and began pacing the limits of the cabin like a chained bear.

"We must have patience, Hank. In the meantime you can help me."

"Wa'al, if I ken help you night or day, jest holler out loud enough for me to heah, an' I'll come a runnin," said Hank.

"Do you know if Col. Adams is still here?"

"Yes, saw him a bit ago, They wanted him to get a leave an' go up. North, but he low'd as how his foot would be all right in a few days an' so he reckoned he'd stay."

"Is he able to move about."

"Yes, on crutches; but if tell you the colonels a dandy on crutches. Saw him knock a drunken deck hand dewn with one only this mornin', jest cause he was wallopin' a nigger," said Hank with great admiration.

"Tell the colonel I am here, and want to

dmiration.
"Tell the colonel I am here, and want to
ee him at once."
"All right can'n."
Hank sprang to the door in his eagerness
o be off, but stopped with his hand on the
atch. Looking over his shoulder he called
hack.

"Cap'n, I know the ropes and all the trails down to the Landing."

"What of it, Hank?"

"Now. if you had a fancy for clgars—"

"But I rarely smoke."

"Waal, this must be one o' the times, so I'll get you some as, I'm told, was sent heah fo' Gen. Grant. An' as to whiskey—zinuine bourbon—I've got two bottles as a friend o' mne hooked from the chaplain o' that Irish ridgimint, the 10th Ohio. One's a bit busted, but the other's got wax on the cork an'—"

an'--"
"Thanks, Hank. I don't care for anything to drink, but if you could get me some ice I'd like it." l like it."
"An' how's yer eatin'?"
"I don't care for anything to eat at pres

ent."
"All right, cap'n; I'll drop into the sutler's an' see what he's got good to eat. I
know he hasn't anything fit to drink."
And with this, Hank waved his hand and know he hasn't anything fit to drink."

And with this. Hank waved his hand and vanished.

The captain was again becoming moody, when the guard opened the door and a tall men, with lone, from the ground, was idead and a colonel's undress uniform, entered on crutches are the friend of the Stanley family. The foot, which he kept from the ground, was bandaged, for a bullet had gone through it in the second day's fight at Shilob.

This was Col. Adams of Louisville, an old friend of the Stanley family. The foot, which he kept from the ground, was bandaged, for a bullet had gone through it in the second day's fight at Shilob.

The colonel sat down on the bank, made a platform of the crutches for his wounded foot, and said:

The heart about Gore's escape; and, be tween you and me, I was glad of it, as were most of the officers. Then your name be gan to get mixed up in it, and, as i wished to learn what every-one had to say, I didn't even be retired that it knew you.

The colonel sat down on me, colonel?"

The colonel sat down on the bank, made a platform of the crutches for his wounded foot, and said:

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The colonel sat down on the bank made and the court marked to be a finite for the form and the plant of the colonel

"reason?"

'I do not; but I believe he has been paying attention to Miss Clyde—"

"And you are engaged to her?"

"Yes." answered Kalph, after a pause.

"That is the best reason in the world. It is another illustration of Venus keeping in the track of Mars. But let that go and tell me everything about this case," said the colonel.

THE TRIAL AND THE SENTENCE OF BALPI

Like all manly natures, Ralph Stanley Like all manly natures, Ralph Stanley disliked everything that savored of subterfuge and insincerity. He knew that he could entrust Col. Adams with his story, even if he did not enlist his sympathies and his services, so he decided on the instant to make a clean breast of it.

Col. Adams already knew all about Ralph's kinship to Herbert Gore. He had known both since they were children and he was himself a boy; yet he let the young man tell his story in his own way.

Kalph told of his meeting with Agnes Fielding, but he was too chilwairic to throw any of the blame on her, while he did not neglect to do full justice to the noble girl's kindly heart and forceful character. He told the whole story, from the night of Bert Gore's capture in the woods mear Savannah till the night when he it ed from Shiloh Hill on his captor's horse.

"Well, Ralph," said the colonel, after he had heard his young friend through, you are in a bad box; yet, I will confess, I should have done the same thing under the circumstances. Unfortunately, noble actions are not always legal; and, as you know, there is no sentiment in war. It is hard, remorseless, destructive and cruel, and when men rant about 'civilized warfare,' they are ignorant of the amonaly. But we have no time for moralizing."

The colonel stroked his brow thoughtfully, like a man perplexed, and Ralph said nervously:

"Then you think I am in a bad box?"

nervously:
"Then you think I am in a bad box?"
"I was thinking about Miss Clyde at that

"I was thinking about Miss Cayde at that moment"

"What of her?"

"You will pardon if I appe ar too frank?"

"You will always be a gentleman, colonel."

"Well, I think Miss Clyde, is either deceiving you or deceiving Gold; possibly she is deceiving toth. But the remarkable feature of the case is her influence for evil."

"What do you mean, colonel?"

"You will agree that Bert (fore would never have been convicted had it not been for Miss Clyde's letter found on his person. That letter repeated an incident he must have written her, about his earlering the Union camp at Bowling Green, in disguise."

"Yes. I remember." coughed Halph.

"The very natural inference of the court was that Gore, who had the clothes on when captured, made a habit of 'visiting our camp in that disguise. A civil court might have ignored such evidence, but it was all powerful in this case. But the lithdy's influence for evil has not stopped with Gore, but, indirectly, it reacts against you."

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished Ralph.

"This is what I mean. A few clays since a

ished Ralph.
'This is what I mean. A few days since a In is is what I mean. A few drays since a bag of letters was received from the South, under flag of truce. According to the usages, in such cases, we had the right lie examine these letters before forwarding them to their addresses, as, no doubt, the enemy examined them before entrusting them to our hands."

"A very necessary precaution," interposed

hands."
"A very necessary precaution," interposed
Ralph.
"So it is. Well, the mail came into Maj.
Fleming's hands. He examined it and
among the litters he found one written by
Herbert Gore and addressed to Miss Edith
Clyde—" Ralph drew a long breath and moved un-

easily.
"In this letter Gore asked to withdraw an offer of marriage he had made."
"Then you have seen the letter?"
"I have, captain, and it is a strong weapon against you."

"Then you have seen the letter."
"I have, captain, and it is a strong weapon against you."
"In what wav?"
"Why, the Confederate urges as a reason for withdrawing his offer, a sense of loyalty and devotion to you. Then he goes on to tell how he was captured and condemned to death and how he succeeded in escaping through the magnanimous efforts of the daughter of Col. Fielding and Capt. Ralph stanley of the Mounted Ritles. On the discovery of that letter Fleming's strong suspicions were confirmed, charges were preferred, your arrest followed, and—here you are," and Col. Adams threw out his hands to indicate that his story was finished.
"I will exonerate Bert Gore from a purpose to harm me," said Ralph.
"He undoubtedly meant to do you justice, for the letter which I have seen, is laudatory of your fidelity as a friend and your valor as a soldier. But these are the facts, and it will be pretty hard to controvert them."
"I shall not try to controvert the charges, so far as they are true. Of course, I shall be furnished with a copy?"
"Certainly."

"And I'll be permitted to employ counsel?"
"They can't deny you that."
"And you will act for me. colonel?"
"Of course, I will," said the colonel, as he took the troubled captain's extended hand.
"Leave the case with me and promise to do as I say."
"I surge to that now. But when will the

I agree to that now. But when will the ragree to that how. But which we case be tried?"

"Possibly tomorrow or next day. There is a court-martial sitting here now to try a lot of green o. cors. who lost their heads and became demoralized at Shiloh. But I must get ready. Is there anything I can do

or you?"

"Yes, get me more wholesome quarters; keep Agnes Fielding out of the case, and bring about a meeting between my boy, Archy, and myself. Surely they will not punish that poor, faithful, ignorant fellow?"

Late that night Col. Adams came again, this time bringing Archy with him, and the meeting between the black boy and his master was very affecting.

With tears streaming down his face Archy clung to the captain's hand and sobbed as he kissed it.

"Oh. Massa Ralpb! Ef dey'd on'y left me took yehs blace, 'n die in yehr sted, I'd be a mos' happy."

Assuming a cheerfulness which he did not feel, the captain succeeded in calming the boy and then drew from him his story. Under other circumstances this narration would have been humorous in the extreme, and as it was neither the captain nor Col. Adams could resist a smile when Archy told how the chaplain came into the cabin and prayed over him in the gloom of that awful morning.

At this juncture Sergt. Carter, who had sent the captain a box of cigars, a bottle of bourbon and two cans of condensed milk, the latter the rarest of luxuries to him, entered, full of a plan he had hatched out all alone by himself.

This plan was as heroic as it was impractical.

'il go before the court, an' say the capn' In't have nothin' to do with it. I tell 'em tht, squar' up an 'down that hit was me, 'l' then I'll stan' right up on tiptoe, too, 'holler to 'em to do thar darnest—doggone em:"
"Sergeant, they wouldn't believe you,"
said the colonel.
"They wouldn't?"

An' they'd hint out loud that I was

"Then do you know what it lone."
"What?"
"I'd challenge every son of a gun of 'em,"
said Hank, deriantly.
The colonel callmed him, pointed out the
absurdity of attempting to introduce the
methods of the mountains here, and then
he discussed with the captain the trial that
was set down for the morrow.
The officers composing the court were
gentlemen, and their sympathies were with
the young kentuckian, who had stained his
bright record as a soldier to save a friend,
or rather to save an enemy, who had been a right record as a soldier to save a friend, rather to save an enemy, who had been a ciend, but they were not men who would crifice duty to sentiment. The officiousness of Ma. Fleming was so enspicuous that the dullest could see that o soldierly motive guided his malignant ourse.

Raiph pleaded guilty to one of the charges, namely, his knowledge of Gore's escape and his assistance in the same.

Thanks to Col. Adams' tact, the other charges were not sustained, nor was there need that they should be.

In consideration of his past record and services. Capt Raiph Stanley was sentenced to be dismissed the service of his country in disgrace, and never again to be permitted to wear her uniform.

"It is better than death," said Col. Adams. "It is worse than death," said the disgraced man.

Some particular than the control of the particular through through the particular through through the particular through through the particular through through the particular through

Archy, Mr. Stanley continued: "Uncle
dake and Aunt Nancy will be mighty glad
to see you, Archy, as, indeed, will every one
else. Why, you are quite a hero."

"I tries to be dat. Maus Harry, right
straight 'long." said the delighted Archy,
with the dimmest possible notion of what a
hero was, but certain that it was something
very commendable, or his old master would
not have applied it to him.

While yet the open carriage was a mile
from the house the black people were seen
along the road; and as soon as they caught
sight of their young master and Archy
they set up a shout of joy and the horses
had to be stopped to let them shake hands
with Ralbh.

Here Archy got out and his father and
mother nearly devoured him, and then he
was turned over to the other hands, who
treated him in much the same fashion.
It is unnecessary to describe Mirs. Stanley's meeting with her son; but it made
him forget for the time the awful gnawing
that had been at his heart ever since he was
forced to lay aside the uniform the back of
which no foe had ever seen on the field.

That evening Mr. and Mrs. Gore came
over to the Stanley place. Next to their

appreciated the sacrifice he had made for turned away haughtily and entered the is foeman. That night, although it was moonlight That night, although it was moonight and the weather very warm, the servants insisted on having a bonfire, and as this was the very thing on which to barbecue chickens, and the watermelons were ripe, they had a right royal time of it, and kept up the song and dance till the moon went down and the sun of another day began to truck the east.

down and the sun of another day began to mash the east.

On his way up from Pittsburg Landing, Ralph, who had been trying to forget Edith Clyde, found himself thinking more and more about her till he reached home, when the impulse to go to her at once was wellnigh irresistible.

He would have ridden over to Judge Clyder, effer here from the morning followed.

he implies to go her at once the high irresistible.

He would have ridden over to Judge Clyde's after breakfast the morning following his arrival, had he not received a despatch from Agnes Fielding, dated at Cincinnati the night before, and saying that, as her father was now very much better, she would run down on the first train in the morning, and asking lealph to meet her with a buggy at the Lexington station.

gret it for an instant.

She met Kalph, as a beloved sister might, from whom he had been long parted.

"I know all about your trials, dear boy," she said as they drove back. "Last night father and I talked it all over—he is able to

at that time."
"And you think you are in a better condi-

salutations.
On de gahdin piazza, an' a readin' dar,
Massa Ralph." said the girl who met him
at the door of the great, wide hall.
'Would you tell her I am here?" said

CHAPTER XX.

Two DESERTERS.

The end had come. He turned and walked out to the rock under the le usts, where his horse was hitched.

He was surprised at his own coolness. The hope of years was dead, and the brightest dream of his life had collapsed like an iridescent subble; and she, whom he had so long thought an angel, stood revealed in all the deformity of her false and entirely selfish character.

Strangely enough he was not depressed. He now knew the worst, and the reaction had set in.

The battlefield never produced a torture such as he feit when he heard the sentence of the court dismissing him in disgrace from the army and forbidding his re-entering it, but the conduct of Edith Clyde at once angered and relieved him.

He had feared that she was what she had just shown herself to be, and at that moment he aforeave Rert force for all his TWO DESERTERS.

He had feared that she was what she had just shown herself to be, and at that moment he forgave Bert Gore for all his treachery. Edith Clyde had deluded Bert, as she had himself and had Bert been in his place, she would have taunted him with having been a spy and condemned to death. Ralph galloped home even quicker than he had come, and while riding through the woods near the house he met Agnes Fielding and dismounting walked back with her, the bridle rein thrown over his arm. She gave him r quick glance, and seeing that the expression of anxiety had vanished from his handsome brown face, she asked: "Did you have a satistactory visit, Cousin Ralph?"

gun of 'em,"

"ted out the duce the and then with a forced laugh.
"I was never more so," I assure you.
"I was never more so," I assure you.
"You will confess that if Bert Gore had not been condemaed to death that you will ont have been court-martialled."
"Yes; that is true."
"Then was no or deposit of saying that sha in the send the fact that unselfishings and then herself the fact that unselfishings and been condemaed to attempt an explanation. But you will confess that the even man was a cortain letter found in his possession, which letter was written by Edith Clyde?"
"There was no o widence that the letter was written by Edith Clyde?"
"There was no o widence that the letter was written by Edith Clyde?"
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"The was no owidence that the letter was written by Edith Clyde?"
"The was no owidence that the letter was written by Edith Clyde?"
"The was no owidence that the letter was written by Edith Clyde?"
"The was no owidence that the letter was written by Edith Clyde?"
"The was no owidence that the letter was written by Edith Clyd Better you should know her true character now, my son, than when it is too late. For myseif! must say that I am not disappened but that I am glad that it was her own hand that pulled the scales from your eyes."

The next day Ralph drove into Lexington with his cousin, but instead of being shunned as in his sensitiveness he imagined he night be he found himself the hero of the hour.

His Union and Confederate friends forgot their differences in congratulating him on his rescue of Bert Gore.

His union and confederate friends forgot their differences in congratulating him on his rescue of Bert Gore.

Had Bert Gore been killed in battle, there were many good honest men, many of them old friends, who would have said it served him right; but had he been hanged, all, irrespective of party, would have fet that an unwarranted disgrace had been put on the blue grass country.

Halph had been home 10 days, and was already chaffing under his forced retirement, all the harder to bear when he read every day in the Cincinnati papers the story of the ever-increasing war, and the whom he knew when, as he was about to retire one night, after he and his father had been talking in the library for some time, Archy appeared in a state of great excitement.

"What has frightened you, Archy?" asked Mr. Stanley.

"Wy, sah," gasped Archy, "de sahgiat's desalted."

"The sergeant has deserted?" repeated Mr. Stanley.

"Yes, sah," and Archy nodded his head with great vivor.

wash, Mauss Ralph, film an de sangint's out dar on de piazza dis bressed minute," said Archy.
"Bring them here at once," said Ralph.
Heavy steps on the piazza, then the sergeant and his lather, dressed in the same butternuts which they wore when they appeared in the same place as refugees from

peared in the same place as refugees from East Tennessee.
Ralph and his father shook hands with the men, and when they were seated the former asked:
"is your arm well. Hank?"
"Yes, sah, nigh bout sgood's new," replied Hank, as he held up the wounded member and slowly closed his powerful hand.
"And did you get a furlough:"
"No, sh."
"Then how do you come to be here?"
"Desarted, cap'n," said Hank, with the cool inditierence of one describing a very common occurrence.
"Yes, cap," loined in the old man, "an'ez soon's Hank showed up an' tole me how you'd been treated down thar Shiloh way, w'y, I desarted too."
"That's so: dad be had a soft job at the front—"
"Yes, was there's some life assignment."

"Then you acknowledge that you did do so?"

"By what right do you ask this question?"

"The right which every man has to know whether his wife or his affianced wife is false to him or not and so unworthy of him."

"I shall release you of your obligation, and will send a servant over this evening with the ring and other articles I was so foolish as to accept from you. You can hardly expect me to keep my engagement with you after what has happened." she said soornfully.

"What has happened?" he demanded.
"You want me to be frank."
"Yes, if it is possible for you to be trank."
"Yes, if it is possible for you to be trank."
"Yes, ou want me to be frank."
"In any it is possible for you to be trank."
"In any it is possible for you to be trank."
"In any it is possible for you to be trank."
"In you want me to be frank."
"In you want me to be frank."
"In you want me to be frank."
"In you want to embarrass him and that I do want to help the cause." replied Mr. Stanley.

"It was in the cause that it was neither cowardice nor a want of patriotism that got me into trouble."

"Then I shall explain myself after the Socratic fashion. Of course we know Gov. Johnson well for he stopped with us when he was fiying from tennessee. Do you think he would grant you a favor?"

"There is nothing in his power that he would not grant you a favor?"

"There is nothing in his power that he would not grant you a favor?"

"There is nothing in his power that he would not grant you a favor?"

"There is nothing for he stopped with us when he was fiying from tennessee. Do you think he would grant you a favor?"

"There is nothing in his power that he would not grant you a favor?"

"There is nothing in his power that he would not grant you a favor?"

"There is nothing in his power that he would not grant you a favor?"

"There is nothing in his power that he would not grant you or a favor?"

"There is nothing in his power that he would grant you or grant you a favor?"

"There is nothing in his power that he would not grant you or a favor?"

"There is

myself." said Ralph; and, fired by the thought, he rose and began pacing the floor. "Nalph!"
"Yes, father."
"I shall sleep on this and talk to your mother about it, and if we think well of it I shall start for Nashville in the morning, and there I shall explain the whole matter to Gov. Johnson, nor hold anything back. What do you say?"

"I have too much faith in your judgment to advise. But I will say that I am glad you appreciate my purpose and do not think my scheme, or rather the scheme suggested by these brave fellows, quixotic. The mountains swarm with irregular bands of Confederates, and if I do not mistake myself, and the men I could gather about me. I betieve that we should give a good account of ourselves," said Ralph, the light of the early war days in his fine brave syes.

The consultation of Mr. Stanley and his wife must have been favorable to the scheme, for soon after daylight, the former, with a hastily packed satchel, started for Nashville, to be gone four days.

Agnes Fielding had gone home after a visit of three days, and now that Raiph felt reasonably sure of the success of his father's mission, he went to Cinciunati, four hours distant, to consult with his cousin and her father.

Col. Fielding, nearly well, but still on crutches had gone up to Columbus to attend a great war meeting, but Agnes assured Ralph that her father would approve of whatever advice she might give.

She heard her cousin's story and a full explanation of his purpose. Then she gave him both her hands, and assured him he was a hero, and that his going to the mountains and raising a band there, "under the authority of law, of course." would greatly help the Union cause, while it won him fame, and called attention to the crueity, if not to the is justice. Of his past treatment.

He returned home that afternoon with more hope in his heart than it had held for many a day.

On the fifth day following his departure Mr. Stanley returned from Nashville, and

"The sergeant has deserted?" repeated Mr. Stanley.

"Yes, sah," and Archy nodded his head with great vigor.

"You mean Sergt. Hank Carter?" asked Ralph.

"Yes. Mauss Ralph, him an' his fadder."

"Why, we left the old man back at Camp Dick Robinson when we started south."

"Wa-al, Mauss Ralph, him an' de sahgint's out dar on the parze, dis bressed minute." reckon dey knows it," and Archy started off to make sure.

And now comes the mest stirring part of this remarkable record. No time to describe the partings. Let the reader imagine the little band moving on through the darkness to stop for a few days at Camp Dick Robinson and them to push south to the mountains from which they had been forced to fiee, and for which their simple brave hearts ever yearned.

CHAPTER XXII. "FOR THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS WE



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tend an opportunity to all who are not have soothed the sorrow his death has adequate for any exigency in which a man now subscribers, THE WEEKLY caused, it were enough to keep alive the could be placed. His integrity in financial GLOBE will receive, for a limited time, trial subscriptions at the following rates: his fellow creatures made him an ideal ex-

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HANNIBAL HAMLIN'S BOOK.

Might Write One if He Had Kept Diary, But He Didn't.

"Mr. Hamlin, why don't you write your In the delivery of that speech Mr. Conk-'I will never do it, my friend. I am 81 years old, and could not trust my memory to be accurate now. Ah, had I kept my diary from my entrance into political life To that I might refer with confidence, and take advantage of the many flattering offers made me to write a book. I would have to go to files of newspapers, etc., and I am too old. I served in the Senate with Daniel Webster and I am the only one left. I served there with Clay and Calhoun and the men of a past generation."

"To what do you ascribe your great health?"

when a boy and to laboring there again and again in the intervals of other employment. Never neglect some obysical exercise in the nature of country field work. Yes, I was born in 1809, and have lived under every president but the first three."

Boston Meckly Globe.

SATURDAY, AUG. 30, 1890. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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Poetage prepaid.
THE GLOBE NEWSPAPER CO., 242 Washington Street. red at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as sec-

"The man has begun to be strong who has begun to know that, separated from life

O'REILLY'S MEMORY.

moreover, that element of human sympa- that is at once of value to the court and the thy which men, however dissimilar in char-bar and of interest to the bystanders. acter, however at variance in the ordinary of THE WEEKLY GLOBE to furnish an yet we cannot question that each would that gave him his strength in the State.

> gard for the man, and sad regret for his where a degree of admiration for him early demise, if it be fair, amid such univer- among the people which extended far besality, to discriminate, it is especially grate | yond the ranks of the Republican party. If | with dark blue and silver, and the sleeves ifying to note one chord his memory has Mr. Conkling was austere at times, that have a braided design from wrist to elbow. of his character by those who, preaching a those who were in a position inferior to his different faith from that professed by him. own. have risen superior to the prejudices of If in later years there has been a public

conciliation with an appreciation of each | career. other's sincerity. I speak generally, of

"The evil that men do lives after them. 'tis said. "the good is oft interred with their bones." Whether this aphorism will find application in the case of O'REILLY sink into such oblivion while there is a 1900, and 108,000,000 in 1910. voice to sing his songs of human sympathy and hope and trust, or a tongue to proclaim great when compared with other coun-

trodden and oppressed. Thus, even in death, the generous soul of O'REILLY is teaching his fellowmen the have an aggregate population of 320,000. If every reader of this issue, beautiful lesson of Christian charity, and one who finds in the story of his noble career an incentive to a higher and purer have candidly availed themselves of the opportunity afforded, and by their happy upon the poet's grave the flower he would himself have prized most, a flower whose petals will never wither, and whose fragrance will carry to generations yet unborn the message that O'REILLY was a true man, and a lover of his fellowmen.

### W. H. McDonough. ROSCOE CONKLING.

It may well be feared by the friends of concerning him which at the time of his death had been made upon the public mind may never be removed, but it is known to and in those respects he was second only to Mr. Choate, if we deal with the speakers of recent times. He was a laborious student and the movements of his mind were not rapid, but he was gifted with an exact and tenacious memory which enabled him to retain and use his acquisitions whenever the occasion came. His delivery was slow—too slow, at times, for the best effect upon a miscellaneous assembly. This may have been due to the fact that many, perhaps all, of his prepared speeches were delivered from memory, in part, at least, although he was accustomed to rely on catch words and head notes. His speech at Chicago in 1880, when he proposed Gen. Grant to the convention as a candidate for the presidency, was delivered without notes. In the delivery of that speech Mr. Conkillar was a large buck. He had doubtless sewamp was so thick and of such a nature that it would not be possible to get the deer, and "by the sound" he had but it was a large buck. He had doubtless sewamp was so thick and of such a nature that it was a large buck. He had doubtless sewamp was so thick and of such a nature that it would not shoot him. The hunter fired. The echoes awoke, and the solashing and rustling had ceased. The guide told the merchant that he had shot the deer, and "by the sound" he judged that it was a large buck. He had doubtless swamp was so thick and of such a nature that it would not shoot him. The hunter fired. The echoes awoke, and the solashing and rustling had ceased. The guide told the merchant that he had shot the deer, and "by the sound" he judged that it was a large buck. He had doubtless swamp was so thick and of such a nature thus the shoot him. The nunter fired. The echoes awoke, and the solashing and rustling had ceased. The guide told the merchant that he had shot the deer, and "by the sound" he judged that it was a large buck. He had doubtless swamp was so thick and of such a nature but when winter came the place would freeze over. And the the would take the earlies of the sound intention had been and the soun

LING was at bis best, and the occasion and the circumstances considered, it is entitled to high rank as an eloquent presentation of the characterist cs of Gen. GRANT, and is that I am a firm believer in a congregafor the skilful wording of the arguments and reasons in favor of his nomination. Although the object for which the speech was made was not attained, the speech was death. If when the hymn is given out you the one speech of the convention that hear the faint hum of here and charmed every member of it, whether there a father and mother in Israel.

claim for him extensive and varied learn ing, either in the law or in general 1 terature, but the great lawyers are not always men of great learning. Chief-Justice MAR-SHALL was not a man of great learning, although he has been a quotable and muchquoted authority on both sides of the Atlantic for two thirds of a century. Given a case, and Mr. Conkling knew where to look for precedents and authorities, and these being on hand he was able to use

them with an ability and facility which would have given him eminence if not pre-eminence at any bar in America. He was unwearied in his investigations and in his preparatory labors. What he brought into the public forum was the result With an exceedingly busy time preparing the of careful, sleenless toil. essential, that is, God, he is weakness itself. him, as with others, in the strifes of polinautical attire of feminine Newport. A but of strength inexhaustible if he be one ties and at the bar, verbal preparation was glance at two models is here given. with his origin."—[George MacDonald. impossible in many cases, yet he but rarely allowed himself to become engaged in a contest to whose merits he was a stranger. It is a singularly beautiful tribute to the His arguments were elaborate usually, memory of the lamented BOYLE O'REILLY but he could be concise. His arguthat his death has caused a pang of keenest ment before the Supreme Court in sorrow, we may say, to humanity. It is not the Virginia coupon case occupied only exaggeration to assert that there is not a forty-five minutes, but it was said by one class in the community, nay, more, in the of the judges that he presented all the whole world, to which his fame and worth points on which the case turned. It was as a man have extended, but regards his also said that the authorities of Virginia death in some sense, at least, as a personal thought at the time they had paid a very loss. Possessing such diversity of character large sum for a very short speech. Mr. as rendered him a popular man in the full- Conkling was one of a small number of est sense of the term, there was in him, lawyers who are able to make an argument

Again, there has been much misconcer walks of life, love to find among their tion as to the means by which he rose to fellows, and admire even in their enemies. distinction and power in the State of New This quality O'REILLY possessed in perfection, and especially in the Republican tion, and if there were no other remem- party. Mr. Conkling was endowed with a in compliance with requests, and to ex- brance of him to preserve, when time shall degree of courage that would have been presence of one whose unselfish regard for affairs was so exact that it covponent of that beauty of character and to the greatest. He had a high sense of manliness which mark the brotherhood of honor, and his contempt and scorn for mean man. It is said of him that he was a good things, for duplicity and for pretentious man, an honest man, a man of principle, a persons were so great that he often made broad man, and though these estimates of enemies, when by silence and feigned his character are the individual utterances blindness he might have made new friends of men whose knowledge of him is based or kept old ones. Yet it was these qualities upon the nature of their relation with him. coupled with his acknowledged ability,

> In political canvasses in New York, in In this univeral outpouring of sincere re- which I took some part, I found everycaused to vibrate, in response to the deeper manner was reserved for those who were and purer instincts of the human soul. I upon an equal plane. He was considerate, refer to the broad and felicitous recognition | with a patience that was exhaustless, of all

creed, and by their utterances stamped them- man who was guiltless of the charge of being selves men of principle, too, who could an office-seeker, that man was Mr. Conkoffer, and receive as many ten-cent sub forget such differences, and testify their LING. On that point I can speak out of admiration of the manly generosity and considerable experience. As the first comway to secure a yearly subscriber, and to nobleness of soul which were the dismissioner of internal revenue I had, in fact, tinguishing traits of him they eulogized. the appointment of a very large number of When we reflect that among all forms of persons to important places; and there prejudice those which spring from, and were the usual number of appointare fostered by religious differences are ments in the Treasury Department oftentimes the bitterest, the most endur- while I held the office of secretary. ing. it is not difficult to comprehend why Out of that experience I have to say that such recognition is peculiarly happy. Mr. Conkling was reserved in reference to Racial prejudice and disagreements, which all appointments that did not fall within among men are inevitable, may be so tem- the scope of his duty as representative or pered as to diminish the acrimony and senator. Often it happened that he took no hatred to which they give rise. Submitted action in such cases even until his attento arbitrament and the candor and integri- tion was invited by the department. He ty of disinterested men, they may even be was of those who accepted the decision of totally dissipated. But when men differ in the Supreme Court that senators and repreoreed, unhappily, the feelings engendered by sentatives are of the government itself, and such divergence seem to be everlasting, and not merely officers of the government; and to oppose an almost insuperable barrier to re- upon that theory he acted in his public

clear to warrant the assertion that this country contains just about 64,000,000 perremains to be seen. But for the fullest and sons. This is an increase of about 30 per most obvious reasons we may safely predict | cent. in 10 years. At the same rate of inof him that the good he has done will never crease we should have over 83,000,000 in of white, biae and silver gray.

These figures seem large, yet they are not his deeds of love and kindness to the down. tries or empires of similar area. Great Britain and her colonies, with an area two and one-half times larger than ours. 000. Much of her great territory is almost uninhabited, yet at the same density we should have only about 160,000,000, or half as many as our rival across the seas. China, with an area one-sixth larger than ours, has six times our population. Russia has 102. 000,000. France and her colonies 63,000,-000, Germany 50,000,000, Austria 40,000,-

> Still we needn't worry about populating the country. It is more important to see to it that just laws give every one of our 64 .-000,000 people a fair chance.

A BOSTON GREENHORN.

How He Shot a Fine Buck in the Adirondack Region. [Forest and Stream.]

They tell a good story of a Boston mer chant at the Adirondacks last year. He was particularly anxious to kill a deer. He employed "one of the best guides in the re-Mr. Conkling that some of the impressions | gion," and they jacked and jacked nearly all night amid great suffering of the wouldbe shooter. Not a deer did they see nor hear. The shooter was nearly dead from may never be removed, but it is known to sitting in one position. Towards morning those who were intimate with him that he they passed a swampy place and there was was misrepresented to a degree beyond the fate of public men generally. Of his great ability there was no question even among his bitterest opponents. He belonged to the class of orators of whom the world has produced a small number only. His vocabulary was extensive, varied and rich, and in those respects he was second only to Mr. Choate, if we deal with the speak.

But a lively 'preciation of the good there is in life.
Fitchburg, Mass.

ELIZA LAMB MARRY Talmage on Church Choirs. [T. De Witt Talmage in Ladies' Home Journal.] My chief objection to church choir singing church is always a triumphant church. If joice when a man says I am handsome?" a congregation is silent during the exercises, or partially silent, it is the silence of "No, my daughter, but I shudder to think of the fate of the man who told you that you were handsome." friend or foe; the one speech of the convention that will linger to the latest day in the memory of every person who heard it.

Mr. Conkling has been undervalued as a lawyer and not infrequently by members of the profession. It would be too much to

of God have no voice to discharge their duty of singing. I really believe that if all our churches would rise up and sing as they ought to sing that where we have a hundred souls brought into the kingdom of Christ there would be a thousand. MAKING DYNAMITE

Visit to the Factories in NATTY NAUTICAL ATTIRE. Southern New Jersey.

cousins and their aunts likewise. We had

Fair Weather Yachting Gown.

the blue is worn over this white bodice.

This is also of white serge, and is made

with a regular coat collar and lapels. A

lined all through with a pretty plaid surah

GRANDPA'S SOLILOQUY.

've lived nigh on to ninety years, 'mong things I've

Was that pint of human natur' that has done a deal

It's the talking up of evil, and forgetting of the

And five and thirty years ago I sometimes had my

say.

And when the social evil was discussed in every

If there's one thing more'n another that makes

No matter what you talk about he'll meet it with

He's allus blue as whetstones, and he's got a load

of cares That fits his skinny body closer than the clothes he

And he seems to be the happiest when curses thick

Now, I like the plucky fellow who meets you with

But if you've got a little grit, 'twill help to ease your

If you keep hope's canale burning; the burdens will

heavier load.

One gift I'd ask, were I set back—not freedom from

Rather Risky.

A very ngly woman, confessing her sins to

NEW RATES TO AGENTS.

If you don't cry over troubles long afore they

And if it chanced to get away, or die for

rank and tall;

leetle worse.

groan,
And tell you of his troubles in a cemetery tone.

I heard the vital questions agitated in their day

row of large silver buttons with enamelled ensign is down each side of the front. It is

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.-The first week of August at Newport was one of unusual brilliancy. The fair damsels of that mag-Mixing the Constituents and Filling the Cartridges with the Explosive. nificent "watering place for millionnaires" were in their glory. Bellevue av. seemed to

be crowded with naval men. for Com. Gerry and his squadron were there to meet the How the Workmen Appear While They Are Engaged in Dangerous Work. Not only was it the men who were attired splendidly, but their sisters, and their

I New York Times 1

In the pine woods off southern New Jersey, far from any human habitation, there are several dynamite factories. Harmless-looking places they are, with scattered frame buildings, mostly one story high, seldom more than one or two visible from any one point of view, showing few if any signs of industry, save a streak of smoke rising over the pine tops or a fleecy fult of steam, with no sound to break the monotonous and somewhat mournful soughing of the wind through the pines, except at long intervals the dull rumble of a mill or the low. consnmptive coughing of a high-pressure en-gine or, perhaps, a snatch of song, that seems to come from nowhere in particular, but, on the contrary, "sometimes murmurs overhead and sometimes under ground."
No sounding of wheels, no thunder of machinery. No energy more obtrusive than the vegitative energy of nature as exhibited in stunted pines and scrub oaks, with huckleberry and bay bushes growing plentifully between. No suggestion of the tremendous forces compounded and concentrated under one or two squat roofs barely visible through the encompassing verdure. Not a hint to the casual observer that death and destruction lurk side by side so close at

This is of white Isle of Wight serge with leated back breadths, and slightly raised at the sides to show a petticoat of royal blue, braided with oxydixed silver. The bodice is braided on the under-arm forms

Yates is an Englishman, about 50 years old, who has spent his life since boyhood in the maunfacture of dynamite. Dynamite is a compound of nitro-glycerine and cellulose, and is sent to market in various forms, in sticks that somewhat resemble hard molasses candy in appearance, in a black lustreess powder put up in cartridges, and in a brownish powder similarly put up. Nitric and sulphuric acid are mixed with glycerine to produce nitro-glycerine, and nitro-glycerine. oduce nitro-glycerine, and nitro-glycerine mixed with cellulose, treated with nitrate of soda, to produce dynamite. Cellulose, it may be mentioned, is a general name for a variety of substances containing a large proportion of carbon, as cotton waste, char-

of soda, to produce dynamite. Cellulose, it may be mentioned, is a general name for a variety of substances containing a large proportion of carbon, as cotton waste, charcoal, peat-moss and sawdust.

It was mentioned at the outset that the buildings in which the various processes are carried on are all detached. They are placed at considerable distances, in some instances several hundred feet from each other. This arrangement is adopted to reduce the risk to a minimum, so that if an explosion occurs in one building the others will be affected as little as possible by it. The buildings in, which the most dangerous processes, those of mixing the nitro-chycerine and cellulose together, are carried on are built in excavations, so that only the roofs are visible above the surface of the ground, and the earth is cleared away for several feet on all sides. In describing the buildings and processes carried on in them it will be convenient to follow in the main the order in which they were shown to the reporter by Superintendent Yates.

The engine house contains a stationary engine of eight to ten horse power, two boilers, a tank for preparing a solution of soda which is used in the preparation of gun-cotton, and a mill for grinding nitrate of soda. One of the boilers supplies steam to the engine, the other to the pans in which the nitro-glycerine is maked with the cellulose (which is m a house about 100 yards distant), and hot water to the tank above referred to. In front of the engine house to a building more than 100 feet distant, where the nitro-glycerine is made. This pulley turns the mixer in which the acids and glycerine are compounded. At a short distance from the western gable of the engine house to a building more than 100 feet distant, where the nitro-glycerine is made. This pulley turns the mixer in which the acids and glycerine are compounded. At a short distance from the western gable of the engine house is a small building containing a furnace and broad iron pans in which the nitrate of soda is dried. The

ready for mixing.
Up to the making of the nitro-glycerine

the process is not particularly dangerous.
The danger lies in the subsequent steps.
There are several houses in which these
are carried on, where the nitro-glycerine is There are several houses in which these are reserved in masses of the production of the different kinds of dynamite. All of these are rough, one story buildings, built partly below the surface of the ground, as before described, not the fate of every man in the building is sealed. The most interesting is sealed. The most interesting of them intro-glycerine with gun cotton to make the gelatinous form of dynamic. The process requires great care. The care in which the emisca are surrounded by steam pipes and the masses of temperature all the while. The hird amount of water. The exact figures of temperature all the while. The hird amount of water. The exact figures of temperature all the while. The hird amount of water. The exact figures of temperature all the while the ficiency of the decomposition of the intro-glycerine with a secretal process. The exact figures of temperature is allowed to rest the colon, the product of the secretal decomposition of the final steps in the product of the maximum of the secretal decomposition of the product of the secretal decomposition of the secretal decomposition of the secretal decomposition of the path of the secretal decomposition of the secretal deco

have been killed and their bodies scattered to the winds. The latest explosion occurred last December. There was a horse race of local interest fixed for that day, and the two men working in the house had asked permission to go to it. Permission was granted on condition of their first finishing the work on hand. One of the men was alterward said to have romarked to one of his fellow workmen that he would go to the horse race or blow the roof off the building. It is supposed that in their haste they neglected the proper precautions, for at 10 o'clock in the morning the roof went "off" and the men went with it.

cautions, for at a o'clock in the morning the roof went "off" and the men went with it.

After combination with nitro-glycerine the gun cotton disappears and the mass assumes an appearance closely resembling apple jelly, and, says Mr. Yates: "you can almost eat it." The effect of handling this substance is peculiar. According to Mr. Yates it produces violent heads he and in some instances distressing nausea, which lasts for hours. Only after the men become inured to it can they handle it without suffering. Some persons seem to be more susceptible to its effects than others, for not long ago a visitor to the factory was attacked with active vomiting after going the rounds and remained ill for more than a day. Nevertheless the men who have become accustomed to it seem to enjoy excellent health.

For use dynamite is generally put up in cartridges varying from eight to 10 inches in length and from 1½ to 1½ inches in thickness. The cases are made of paper, first rolled on tin cylinders to insure uniformity of size, then pasted, and subsequently dipped in paradine to protect their contents from moisture. The cases are made by women in a house far removed from the other buildings, and are disped in another containing a furnace and pans for melting the paradine. When the parafine is dry the cases are taken to the packing house, where they are filled. In this house, where they are filled. In this house, is to seven men are employed, five or six in filling the cartridges in boxes. The cases are they are filled. In this house, six to seven men are employed five or six in filling the cartridge cases and one packing the cartridges in boxes. The cases are taken to the packing house, where they are filled. In this house, six to seven men are employed, five or six in filling the cartridge cases and one packing the cartridges in boxes. The cases are filled from the funnels by tin scoops, and then packed in the funnels by tin scoops, and then packed in the cartridges by pounding down the neck of the funnel with a stout stick abo

Not a hint to the casual observer that death and destruction lurk side by side so close at hind the company of the settled to the company of the settled to the company of the company of

weather really has something to do with
the matter I am not prepared to say, but
we never work here in a thunder sterm."
Reference was made to the Zalinski dynamitegun, and Mr. Yates was asked if it
would be safe for a ship to carry dynamite
for its use in her magazine. "Quite safe,"
he replied. "Why, the firing of a whole
broadside would not affect it."
It might naturally be supposed that the
men who work in the dynamite factories are
paid in proportion to the risk they run, but
their wages are not very high. The average
pay is \$10 to \$12 per week, and no difficulty is encountered in getting workmen.
Pricos have been so much cut by
the big establishments, Mr. Yates says,
that the business is no longer very profitable. A pound of dynamite, which a few
years ago sold for 55 to 60 cents, now sells
for 15 cents. Immense quantities of the
stuff are used for blasting in mining, tunnelling and building operations.

husbandman.

LIKE JOE JEFFERSON.

Him with Blanks in Them.

[Eugene Field in Chicago News.]

B. L. Farjeon, the novelist, is Joseph

Jefferson's son-in-law; he lives in London, has a lovely home, a charming family, and

he entertains delightfully. From all I hear

be prodigies. The youngest is named after his grandpa and he seems to have inherited

is grandpa's fondness and facility for art.

Curiously enough he is the picture of Jeffer-

son-having the same bright blue eyes, delicate features and characteristic smile.

oldest boy-I think his name

Frank-is always saying and doing

is Frank-is always saying and bright things. A year ago Mrs. Madge Kendall spent the day with Mrs. Farjeon, and the two ladies enjoyed a good old-fashioned gossip all the afternoon; the way they discussed and criticised all their companyances was simply a caution. Next

way they discussed and criticised all their acquaintances was simply a caution. Next day Master Frank remarked at dinner: "Papa, I have written out with the type-writer all that mamma and Mrs. Kendall said yesterday." And so the wretched child had: all the scaudal and gossip was reported with shocking fidelity, and may be Mr. Farjeon didn't have a lovely time reading it aloud to his astounded spouse. This experience taught Mrs. Farjeon a serious lesson.

Not long ago the Farieon children went with their mother to service in one of the neighboring churches, where the rector was an extreme ritualist. Wearied by all the ceremony, little Joe Farieon finally whissered hoarsely to his mother, when the sermon was about half through. "Come on, mamma, le's go; don't le's wait for the last act."

ing and building operations The Cheapest Fertilizer. The following interesting article on an important subject appears in the Cincinnati

When the farmers of Ohio are spending annually nearly \$1,000,000 for commercial fertilizers, and the farmers of the United States spend about \$30,000,000 for fertilnzers compounded at the factories under hundreds of names, the question, "What is His Grandchildren Write Plays for the cheapest and best fertilizer?" is eminently practical and pertinent.

That manufacturers offered in Ohio about 275 different brands of fertilizers to meet the wants of every crop grown, whether of grain, fruit or vegetable, is evidence that the time has come when farmers believe the Ohio soil has been reduced, by long and reckless cultivation, to a point where the crops seldom pay the cost of production without the addition of a fertilizer.

True we have thousands of acres in the rich valleys and newer Northwest, where corn and wheat yield paying crops without the use of fertilizers. Then, too, we have many careful farmers, who have practiced judicious rotation and have appreciated the value of barnyard manure and the capacity of their farms for its production. On such farms there has been no outlay for the manufactured fertilizers, and yet their crops and profits have been above the average.

on such farms there has been no outlay for the manufactured fertilizers, and yet their crops and profits have been above the average.

It is commonly believed that barnyard manure is the cheapest and best fertilizer which has been yet discovered. It not only contains the ammonia, phosphoric acid, and potash, in proper proportions for a complete fertilizer, but it also furnishes the vegetable matter which livens the soil, giving it porosity and capacity for retaining moisture, which characterizes in so marked a degree the new virgin soil.

The same amount of chemical elements contained in barnyard manure can be as cheaply applied to land by the use of many of the factory fertilizers. They are more concentrated, and are iso manufactured as to be readily and evenly distributed with the seed through the grain drill of the planter. The ease and regularity of their application have made them very desirable where the price of labor is as great as now rules on Ohio farms.

But the low prices of farm crops and contingencies of drought and flood, coupled with the high price of labor and land, and the problems of keeping up fertility, make the question—what is the cheapest fertilizer, one of vital interest.

That the highest fertility cannot be sustained under constant cropping, when reliance is placed on commercial fertilizers alone, I think has been proven by the experience of farmers and by the stations in America and Europe. This comes from the fact that no soil is most broductive when once the supply of veyetable or organic matter does not show any beneficial results, since the great advantage of lime is to favor the decomposition of organic matter does not show any beneficial results, since the great advantage of lime is to favor the decomposition of singaic matter. When the natural supply of this is depleted, the soil lacks the life, provity, moisture, which has had regular and sufficient application of lime or chemicals cannot give to the soil this vegetable matter. Hence if the soil is deticient in this—as long-c

# PRIZE OFFER TO YOU

If You Can Write a Story.

# PRIZES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE purposes to develop the literary talent of the Boys and Girls who are not accustomed to writing stories. The great writers of the future are among the bright, intelligent young people of today.

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE offers FOUR PRIZES for the Best Four Stories written by either Boys or Girls under 18 years of age, to be sent to THE GLOBE before November 1, 1890. The first prize is \$20, the second \$10, the third \$5, and the fourth \$1. These stories should be as short as you can make them,

from 100 to 1000 words, and give a plot and work it out in an interesting manner. Little sketches for cuts to illustrate the story will be acceptable.

The prizes will be awarded about December 1, 1890, which will give ample time for an intelligent committee to examine the stories and to decide upon the best ones.

### Every One Who Enters the Contest Must be a Subscriber to The Boston Weekly Globe,

Or a member of a family in which it is taken.

The price of THE WEEKLY GLOBE is only \$1 a year, or 50 cents for six months. A six months' subscription entitles members of a family to enter the contest, and of course all who are now subscribers of THE WEEKLY GLOBE are entitled to compete.

The stories are to be the property of THE GLOBE after they are received, and all with any merit will be printed in THE GLOBE during the year. This of itself is a fine opportunity for young authors to see how their stories look in print, and thus obtain a start in the literary world.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE is printed in the establishment of THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, which has the largest circulation of any paper in New England.

### SPECIAL DIRECTIONS:

In writing a story use only one side of your sheets of paper. Write plainly, and mail the stories to the "Story Editor of THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE, Nos. 236--244 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A."

> THREE CONGRESSMEN LOST. One of Maine, Two of Bay State-An Im-

commercial fertilizers have, under certain conditions, proved most profitable.

The point to keep in mind is that there are certain conditions of soil necessary, absolutely, before the use of minerals and chemicals can be beneficial.

The elements of value in factory fertilizers are ammonia, phosphoric acid and potash. The Ohio lands where recently great forests were cleared off, and brush and log heaps burned, have an abundance of potash. The rocky particles of most of our Ohio lands are rich in phosphoric acid. It has been estimated that an acre of soil to the depth of one foot contains about 15,000 pounds of phosphoric acid. 12,000 pounds potash, and 43,000 pounds of lime.

Analysis of soils has shown that the fertility of soils is not in proportion to the presence of these elements. It follows, then, that the application of a fertilizer containing only these chemical or inorganic substances will not insure fertility or maying cross. Something is wanted. The fact that barnyard manure more nearly and more certainly gives good results on long-cultivated land points to the fact that we need not only the addition of minerals and chemicals, but also vegetable matter, to bring the old fields up to the high state of fertility which will cheer the heart of the husbandman.

But we were met with the difficulty that portant Result of the Present Census. WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.-According to the census count Pennsylvania made the largest actual gain in the number of her people, increasing her population by over a Next comes New York, with an increase

of over 900,000.
Then comes Illinois with a gain of between 700,000 and 800,000.

Ohio only increased by 400,000. Of the Southern States, Missouri adds the greatest number of people to her population, growing from 2,168,380 in 1880 to 2,788,000 at the present time, and showing a gain of over 600,000. Texas comes in as a good second, increas-

2,142,000 now, and showing a growth of over 500,000. There are eight States whose respective populations are over 2.000,000. New York

ing from 1,591,749 at last census taking to

husbandman.

But we were met with the difficulty that in our present methods of farming we can neither produce enough manure to dress our cultivated fields, nor can we afford to pay for the labor necessary to accomplish 5,000,000, and Illinois and Ohio both nearly 4,000.000. The trouble here is the majority are un

There are 17 States that have each less than 1,000,000, and the population of all these 17 States, taken altogether, does not uite equal that of the State of New York, If the House of Representatives is kept at ts present number there will be some hanges in the representation of several efficients. The trouble here is the majority are unwilling to limit the amount of plouds land to the amount they can properly dress with barnyard manure, supplemented with manure and chemical manure. It is true that by the addition of the latter to all the straw and corn fodder fed or uses for bedding in our barns we can produce enough of the most complete manure to cover our plough land with a dressing which would keep up the soil, and insure better crops than can be done by the use of either barnyard manure or chemical manures alone.

The combinations of the rough unsalable by-products of our farms, worked into manure through our stables and pens, improved or enriched by the addition of minerals and chemicals, such as S. C. rock, Thomas slag, tankage and the like, which manufacturers and compounders of fertilizers.

changes in the representation of several exthe States.

The losses will be sustained somewhat as follows: Iowa will lose I representative, Indiana 1, Kentucky 1, Maine 1, Massachusetts 2, New York 2, Ohio 2, Pennylvania 1, Tennessee 1—in all 12.

The gains will be as follows: Alabama 1, Arkansas 1, Colorado 1, Kansas 1, Minnesota 2, Missouri 1, Nebraska 2, Oregon 1, Washington 1—in all 12.

It will thus be seen that the representation lost by one growth of States is acquired tion lost by one growth of States is acquired by others, and it must be remembered that everything will depend on the ratio of pou-lation adopted for the distribution of seats.

TELEGRAPHERS' BLUNDERS.

manufacturers and compounders of fertilizers buy at wholesale, will give to the farmers of Ohio a cheaper and more lasting fertilizer than any one has yet put into sacks and barrels, and shipped, at great expense to us, through agents and dealers. Odd and Amusing Mistakes are Sometimes Made by Operators. New York Letter in Charleston News.

Considering the noise of New York's great room, and the fact that the operators have to jump from theology to stocks, often sending off long reports upon subjects of which they know nothing, it is surprising that the blunders are so few.

The most amusing of such errors seem to

be due not to carelessness or inattention judge that his three liltle children must upon the part of the operator, but to sim ilarity of certain letters in the telegraphic alphabet, and to the mability of the rement clicks out its message.

There are very good reasons, no doubt

for many of the mistakes recorded against telegraph operators. There are no excuses for others. Some are the result of sheer stupidity, ignorant operators being put at work requiring not alone skill in manipulating a key, but intelligence behind all. The operator who reads hearse for horse may have had his copy written by the same reporter who dashed off a criticism on "Giroffe Girofta." and who was dumfounded to find that the telegraph made it "Swine Spotse. "Snine Snome.

Yet it does not always follow that this is the case, for a telegram has been known to be transmitted "Yes" when the copy made it "No" with copperplate distinctness.

One of the most curious blunders I reme ber occurred over a cable circuit of the sociated Press, the message as received

made it No. with conservice distinctues. This become taught dirs. Farieon a serious beatonce taught dirs. Farieon a serious beatonce taught dirs. Farieon a serious beaton. Not long ago the Farieon children went with their mother to service in one of the meighboring churches, where the rector was an extreme ritualist. Wearied by all the ceremony. little Joe Farieon diality whispered hoarsely to his mother, when the sermon was about half through. Come on, mamma, le's ro, con't le's wait for the grandpa. Very thrilling plays they are, too Grandpa Jefferson enjoys them bunkely, but one day, while reading one of these productions, he stopped and saked: "Frank, what do all these blanks mean? There doesn't seem to be any sense at all."

"That's where you are to went of the blank on purpose the sense of glass bottles by machinery. [London Invention.]

It is stated that a new process for making all classes of glass bottles by machinery has recently been perfected.

The patentee claims that bottles are by this process of maunifacture likely to be produced at one-quarter the cost of labor, besides a better finished article being the result. The bottle is made completely in one operation, in place of two, is formerly, thus the delicate operation of the sense of wares, which are now imported from the continent, well be produced at one-quarter the cost of labor, besides a better finished article being the result. The bottle is made completely in one operation, in place of two, is formerly, thus the delicate operation of the sense and the sense and the sense and the sense and the sense are the continent, will be produced at a cost which will be produced at a cost which will be produced at a cost which will be produced at cost will be obviated, and must of necessity result in an immense saving in its cost.

The Summer Girl Again.

"Trexa sitings.]

MeCusick (at summer resort, pointing to young lady surround do by six or seven additioned

HOME.



All in the Nineteenth Century. George W. Keene of South Boston is a man whose life is a record of figure 9's. His father died in 1859 at the age of 69, and was buried Jan. 29. Mr. Keene himself was married May 29, enlisted in the civil war July 19, '63. was mustered out June 29, '65. and discharged July 9. His son was married Oct. 29. On the ninth of the present month he received an injury which necessitated his removal to the City Hospital, but he was discharged on the 19th. He is 59 years old.

Yet They Say Woman Isn't Invent-

fanny (after ringing the door-bell—Just look at the dust on our shoes, Ethel. I hate to go into Mrs. Maldilame's parlor looking

Ethel-Just turn your head the other way, Fanny. Fanny (two seconds later)—Why-ee! Ethel Simpkins, where's all that dust that was on your shoes? Ethel (whispering)—On my stockings.

A Prescription That Comes High.

Max O'Rell.]

R—Take the hair of a Hindoo,
The nose of a Greek.
The mouth of the English.
The complexion of a German,
The height of a Norwegian,
The feet of a Chinese woman,
The teeth of an African,
The arm of a Belgian,
The leg of an Italian girl,
The eye of a Spaniard,
The grace of a French woman. a grace of a French woman And you will have an American beauty.

Mind Reading.

[Chicago Tribune.]
Dinguss—Hello, Shadboldt! How are you? Dinguss—Hello. Shadboldt! How are you?
By the way. Shad, have you seen that big alligator down at —
Shadboldt (cutting him short)—No. Dinguss, I haven't seen it, but I know what it was going to lead up to. Alligators have hides, their hides make nice leather, the leather is made up into pocketbooks, and pocketbooks hold money. I haven't a cent to spare this time. Good morning, Dinguss.

Caught, by Gum! Chicago Tribune.

Willie (to older sister.)—Say. Irene, you get me a cooky on the sly r'll give you dead away.
Older sister—What do you mean, Willie?
"Do you s'pose I don't know Mr. Hankinson was here last night."
"Well, what of it?"
"What of it? Nothin', only I put a hunk of gum on that extra chair in the parlor before he came. and it's still there this morning. That's all."

What the Vote Counter Wants.

First club man (reading)—Great sword contest at the Globe.
Second club man—Globe Theatre? Let's go and see it. Who are the fencers?
First club man—It is a voting contest in THE GLOBE newspaper.
Second club man (with wry face)—Oh, give us a rest!

No Time Yet. (Pittsburg Dispatch.)

The country negroes in the South have very crude ideas of time. About 4 o'clock on a spring morning a young doctor in one of the hill counties of Virginia was returning home from a night call. Overtaking as old negro man carrying a fishing pole, he asked the old man what time it was.
"Hi, boss! Tain' no time yit; de sun ain
riz."

Wanted Time to Get Engaged. [Burlington Free Press.] Young man (with young lady on his arm)
Can you tell me the way to Maple st.,

sir?
Young lady—And please, sir. will you tell us the longest way around, because we are in no hurry, at all, sir? A Small Woman's Small Trick.

Sa't she?
Popiniay—Yes; you would hardly believe
t, but I have heard it said that she goes

Dumpsey-Blobsen's wife is very small,

In This Case Only Postponed, We Trust.

"Good intentions are often thwarted in the most mysterious ways," as the young man remarked when his best girl sneezed

just as he was on the point of kissing her. How Editors Might Get Rich. [Lawrence American.]

Penner-How does Scribbler get his poems published? They are fearful things!
Spacer-I understand that he pays the editors for publishing them.

Impulsive with Those Not Repulsive. [Judge.]

Young an-Do you think. Mrs. Hendricks. Your daughter Salhe would change her name for mine?

Mother-Well. Mr. Waldo. Sallie is a very impulsive girl, and I really don't know what she might do under great provocation.

Where They Have Bridle Towers. "Some people in Chicago want eight towers at the world's fair, all as large as Effel's." Yes; I heard there was a strike for eight

> Two Minutes Apiece. Chatter.

Customer (in restaurant)—Here waiter, two boiled eggs—four minutes and look lively, I'm in a hurry.

Waiter (hastily dusting the table cloth—Yes, sir. yes, sir. Have em ready for you in two minutes, sir—two minutes.

Two Souls With But a Single Thought

"Don't you know. Emily, that it is not proper for you to turn round and look after a centleman,"
"But, mamma. I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking."

Bills to the Right of Him, Etc. Smith-Were you at Balaklava, may I

Tailor-No. Why? Smith-You charge so magnificently!

Paying a High Price for Misery. -Where are you going?
-To the dentist. What are you going to do there? Get my little fill.

Answered.

The masher of the lane-Where are you going, my pretty maid?
Greenbrier (the farmer's daughter)—After a bigger pail, to put that chestnut in.

Auld Lang Syne.

Eva-Is there any relationship between you and Jack riudson?
Marie-No-thatis yes. He was the first man I ever was engaged to.

Justice Scores a Bullseve Judge Guffy—What's your name?
The prisoner—Annie Rooney, yure 'anner.
Judge Guffy—Ten years at hard labor.
Never mind what the charge is.

A Perfectly Safe Book. "I kept a diary for four years"

"And didn't write a line on one of the pages." Will Be Grandpa by That Time. [Lowell Courier.]

The advance in silver makes the dollar worth 88 cents. The dollar of the daddies may yet get up to pa. It's a Pity so Many People Break Silence.

Terre Haute Express. No matter how hard silence falls, it does

The reporters generally use improperly the word nee, and we do not here allude to the omission of the letter k.

# HE CHERISHES SERPENTS,

Because His Love Was False, Though Fair.

Irving Erving's Romance and Strange Infatuation.

Bay State Hermit Who Left the Town for the Wilds.



citizen, half farmer and half hunter, who lives in a small shanty away up under the sides of the towering hills that have broken out all over Franklin county so thickly that it seems as if the whole shire had been smitten with a permanent

have broken out all over Franklin county so thickly that it seems as if the whole shire had been smitten with a permanent type of smallpox.

His wants are few and so he seldom visits the settlement. But the stories of his feats as a hunter and a woodsman have cozed and percolated all through the neighborhood, and have grown by repetition until it now comes to pass that when a man hears or invents any particularly improbable lie it is at once foisted upon Mr. Erving, so that he rivals Satan himself in holding the title of "father of lies."

It was a week day in May when I hired a list of the woods and allowing them to mix and tangle up like angle of the worms in a bait can, "and a fine set of the worms in a bait can," and a fine set of the worms in a bait can, "and a fine set of the worms in a bait can," and a fine set of the worms in a bait can, "and a fine set of the worms in a bait can," and a fine set of the worms in a bait can, "and a fine set of the worms in a bait can," and a fine set of the worms in a bait can, "and a fine set of the worms in a bait can," and a fine set of the worms in a bait can, "and a fine set of the worms in a bait can," and a fine set of the worms in a bait can, "and a fine set of the worms in a bait can," and a fine set of the worms in a bait can, "and a fine set of the worms in a bait can," and a fine set of the worms in a bait can, "and a fine set of the worms in a bait can," and a fine set of the worms in a bait can, "and a fine set of the worms in a bait can," and a fine set of the worms in a bait can, "and a fine set of the worms in a bait can," and a fine set of the worms in a bait can, "and a fine set of the worms in a bait can," and a fine set of the worms in a bait can, "and a fine set of the day he was orn.

Briefly, the serpent he would have taken as a hunter was talled. And snakes have now been his confidents and constant to the his feats and constant to the day he was orn.

Briefly, the serpent he would have taken as the worm of the day he was orn.

Briefly, the serpen

snake frequently opened its mouth, showing its great discolored fangs the snake charmer did not seem the least affrighted, but handled them both the way a country girl would guide a pliable mass of molasses candy. When he was done he carefully laid the snakes down upon the soft bear's bread moss and walked away as if he made the performance an every-day pastime, as indeed he does, if half of the tales he told us are to be credited.

When inside his snug and comfortable cabin he told us the story of his life, while the wind-driven rain beat musical tattoo on the rude roof boards, and made the practice was a woman in the case.

Like the girl we all know, she was fair but false. After she married the other fellow he came up here into the wilderness and built him a home and cleared him all title strip of land with his own hands.

This was over 20 years ago, and since that time he has not slept outside of the hut in which he lives for a single night. As the years wore on, and he saw he could earn a comfortable living for himself with comparative ease he grew to longing for pelts and companions. He had no horse, no cw. no pig, no dog, and even the omnipresent cat had never taxen shelter under his roof tree. He tried to domesticate several of the different wild animals in turn.

Woodchucks were his hobby for a year or two after which he had a fad for raccoons, and at one time 10 of these animals made his place their home. Foxes and even skunks come in for a share of his affections, and when the last quadruped had failed he grant to domesticate crows, hawks, black-birds and robins.

No use, they could not fill up the aching void made by unrequited love; so he made a right-about-face movement and wreaked his heart was stilled, and snakes have now been his confidants and constant companions for half a score of years, so that the his heart was stilled, and snakes have now been his confidants and constant companions for half a score of years, so that the his heart was stilled, and snakes have now been his confidants and co



"Up on the hill" was rather vague, but as it was all we had to go by we went, and as luck would have it, we found him seated in an old as bark chair close to the place where he had recently boiled his sap.

A fife of the pattern used by our grandfathers when they stood shoulder to shoulder at Bunker Hill was in his hands, a slouch felt hat was on his head and his deeply whiskered and moustached hips were puckered up in readiness to blow into the instrument.

ment.

"Good day to you, sirs," he said, keeping his seat and still fingering the fife lovingly.

"We are having wet weather just now, which makes it ad for the planting. Can

which makes it ad for the planting. Can I sell you some maple sugar?"
In reply we told him we did not care for the sweets of the maple, but as we had heard that the sweet tones of his fife could draw snakes from their dens and make them come and do his bidding, we wished to see a sample of his art, and would pay him more liberally for it than any saccharine goods he had for sale or could sell.

"It is rather early yet for the boys to come out" was his reply. "Most all of them have not shed their skins yet and are sick. But I will try." Again he gave that peculiar bucker to his lips and again his fingers went skipping over the stops, like raindrops on the roof of a house.
"Its the last rose of summer, left blooming alone; All its beauteous companions have faded and gone, he began plaintively but with increasing

All its beauteous companions have faded and gone. he began plaintively but with increasing vigor, so that when he reached the last two lines the notes fairly whistled and shrieked with rude energy. Not a snake came to his call, however. "Boney O'er the Alps" was next essayed with like results. Snakes may like music, but they evidently did not warm up to his productions.

'Guess I'll give 'em a dose of 'Yankee Doodle,' "he soliloquized, and then the national hymn of America went out through the budding maples, was stranded on the rocky hillside, and was brought back in a badly broken and mutilated condition by a host of attendant echoes.

There was little music, to be sure, but the whole valley was vibrant with noise, and the hardy and fearless chickadees that had lately been singing on limbs around us so near that we could have hit them with our sticks took flight and went off in great terror.

"Kerry, Kerry, parkery, the besse click."

sticks took fight and went of in great terror.

"Ke-r-r, ke-r-r, par-r-r-r, sh-s-s-, click, click," What was that? The sound was repeated again, and again repeated until we asked its meaning.

"Oh, that is nothing but a poor little rattler, who has come out to hear me play," he said, and again Yankee Doodle exploded with new force and vigor. The sound was running down the hillside, and the click and rattle and tinkle grew nearer and nearer, while the fingers flew so swiftly that they looked like the blue made by the spokes of a rapidly revolving carriage wheel.

spokes of a rapidly revolving carriage wheel.

The noise was hardly two rods away when he laid down his fife, arose and walked up the ledgy steet, and pulling out a hideouslooking rattlesnake brought him down and laid him on the bedded moss at his feet. The snake was some three feet long, and had but two rattles on the end of its tail, proving it to be but yet an infant ophidian. It coiled up with great celerity, however, and we made haste to get out of the way. Not so the musician. He coolly took up his fife and began to give it some more "Yankee Doodle."

Doodle."

Then the coils unwound, like the spring of a Waterbury watch, and in about a minute the reptile was zig-zagging all around his performer's feet. Whether it was charmed or not I do not know, and cannot hazard a guess; but I believe that Mr. Erving had some power which I did not and do not possess, and which I do not care to have while poison lurks in the fangs of rettlesnakes.

of a Waterbury watch, and in about a minute the reptile was zig-zagging all around his performer's feet. Whether it was charmed or not I do not know, and cannot hazard aguess; but I believe that Mr. Frying had some power which I did not and do not possess, and which I do not care to have while poison lurks in the fangs of rattlesnakes.

"Bonnie Doon," "America." "Comin Thro' the Rye" and other tunes were tried during the next half hour, but the only result was one more little sky-strued snake that did not seem to have so high a musical education as that possessed by his consint. The 'Tattler."

"As I was telling you, it is no use," said Mr. Extying. "It is too early, and they won't come. I knew it before I begun." He took a long pull of whiskey from a tlask I offered, and, smacking his lips, picked up a snake in each hand and twisted them together as a sailor would the strands of spunysin.

He pulled them out and doubled them up; he opened his shirt front and put the coid, slimy things on his naked breast; he tied them in knets around his neck and lie iin ished by running them head first down each of his loose trouser lees and pulling them out by the heads at his shoes.

It was a loathsome and at the same time a fascinating sight. His hands were as those of a marble image. Though the rattle
Webster's Hat on Grover.

Frederick H. Hassam, the antiquarian, of New York, is to make ex-President Cleveland a present of Damel Webster's rod, reel, wicker tlask and fishing hat.

twine about his neck at the motion of his head, but the rest were as yet simply publis, and required a head of promoting and coaxing before they would obey, and even then some of the more difficult feats they would not essay to do at all.

"I cal'clate that a snake lives eight years," was Mr. Erving's reply to the reporter's question. "A rattler lasts longer, say 10 or 12 years, but not many reach that age, for they get logy when they grow old, and the hawks and foxes are pretty sure to eat them up. A snake that is 4 years old is in the prime of life, and after that he begins to go back.

seemed to be taken out of him now. Pratty stand last, but some of them got away, and others I let go, until now these are all I have left me more. I have heard it said that sakes would not lay eggs or raise that has been in confinement. It is a big story, If I had a dollar for every snake egg at the sakes would not lay eggs or raise by oung when in confinement. It is a big story, If I had a dollar for every snake egg at the sake that has been hatched there. I should be as rich as Crosus."

This allusion to Crosus led me to question the recluse about his knowledge of this big world outside his hants. I was not stranger to this big world outside his hants. I was not seless. He had heard of the telegraph. But the telephone and honograph were utter strangers to him. Jay Gould. Astor, Vander bilt-they were all riddles to him. He believed that a fellow by the name of Cleveland was president, but come to think if of it, he had heard he was out, and he reckoned the office was vacant. The great stories about the wonderful precective of Baby McKee had no charms for him, and the name of Harrison simply called up something he had once heard about an old green all who fought at Tippecance.

The riddles of the Sphinx were not more was more than the tariff debate, the need of a new navy. Blaine's foreign policy, or what to do with the surplus. He had a surplus of his own of small dimensions, but he to the light of the surplus of his own of small dimensions, but he help from him. Not an almanac, not a paper, not even a Bhile was in the house.

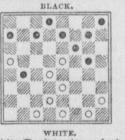
Another Tolstoi Arisen.

[Tarkansaw Traveller.]

"There is a fortune in this novel," said an author, as he presented a manuscript to a untoll sheep without a proper without an author, as he presented a manuscript to a untoll sheep without a proper withou

See game No. 2510 at note B.

Position No. 1516. Barker-Freeman match.



White (Reed) to play and win.

Game No. 2510.-Will-o'-the-Wisp. By Dr. A. Schaefer, New York.

A—Anderson gives this as a loser, B—Solution of position No. 1515, The only move to win. C—There is nothing better.

21..17-2 18..15 15..11 11.. 8 23..16 30..26 28..32 26..23 B. wins (Var. 2.) 20..16 16..11 18..15 15..10 30..26 28..32 32..27 27..23 B. wins B. wins (Var. 2.)

twine about his neck at the motion of his twine about his neck at the motion of his not the east were as yet amply punish and room the rest were as yet amply punish and room the rest were as yet amply punish and room of the more difficult feats they would not, essay to do at all.

"I cal'clate that as nake lives eight years," was Mr. Erving's reply to the reporter's question. "A rattler lasts longer, say 10 or 12 years, but not many reach that age, for they get logy when they grow old, and the hawks and foxes are pretty sure to eat them up. A snake that is 4 years old is in the prime of life, and after that be bearins to go back.

"Snakes are the easiest things to train in the world. I can break a snake quicker than you can a setter dog, and when honce knows a thing he never forgets it. Another thing I want to say about snakes is that they are mighty small enters. They want to lay in a big meal about once in a for logit. Another thing I want to say about snakes is that they are mighty small enters. They want to lay in a big meal about once in a for logit. Another thing I want to say about snakes is that they are mighty small enters. They want to lay in a big meal about once in a for logit. Another thing I want to say about snakes."

"In all my days I never saw a snake that knew enough to come home when he had go tout doors. They will crawl off into the bushes and nocks and stay there, no matter is how well I use them. I have tried it a good many times, but it was always the same way.

"Ad go will follow his master, a cat will stay by the old house when all the people are dead and gone, but a snake is a tramp, and don't care where he stays or how long he stay by the old house when all the people are dead and gone, but as nake is a tramp, and don't care where he stays or how long he stay by the old house when all the good wany times, but it was always the same way.

"A dog will follow his master, a cat will set any of the comment. It is a big story, if I had a dollar for every snake set."

"In all my days I never

and was one of its most popular citizens. When the civil war began Bonn a field, who was an extreme Southern man in politics, enlisted in a cavalry regiment as a private soldier. He attended to his horse, fed, curried and kept him in as fine condition as any other horse in his company. He required no assistance in mounting, and when in his seat is said to have been as 1 rmly fixed as any member of the celebrated 4th Texas Cavarry. As an active soldier he had no superior. After the surrender Bonnafield returned to Tucker county. He was seven years ago, elected clerk of the County Court, and was serving in that capacity when he was taken ill.

[St. Louis Republic.]
It is a generally known fact that the

fourth or ring finger of the human hand is not on a par with the other finger, it being the weakest, the least flexible and the most rebellious in action. Scientific men explain this feebleness by the theory that the lateral tendons joining the ring finger to the others composing the hand in a measure paralyze its movements. To the majority of people it matters little that one of the fingers dollar weekly. Send for new rates.

CHECKERS.

should be inferior to the rest in strength: as a scientific oddity, however, it is worthy of note; to the planist or the player of stringed instruments it is a source of considerable inconvenience. As art can in the present day remedy most defects which incommode us, a medical man has thought that something could be done to free the ring finger. He informs those interested in the matter that if they wish to have a strong, flexible fourth finger they have but to submitto a surgical operation, which consists in dividing the tendons of the hand. The operation, which is very simple, scarcely deserving of the name, has recently been performed on several New York, Boston and Brooklyn planists.

## BASE BALL RECORD.

Ending of the fiftieth game in the last | The Batting and Fielding of the Players' League and the National League to the Close of Aug. 23.

The following is the standing of the national and players' league clubs up to and including Aug. 23:

Players' League Standing.

Clubs.	Baooklyn	Boston	Philadelphia	Cincinnati	Chicago	New York	Cleveland	Pittsburg	Games won	Per cent, won.
Brooklyn Boston Philadelphia Cincinnati Chicago New York Cleveland Pittsburg	6557632	9 7 4 6 7 3 2	10 8 7 6 5 3	7 9 6 6 5 3 3	10 7 8 7 6 6 3	8 10 10 12 8 - 6 3	11 13 10 13 8 7	12 11 16 12 14 9 7	67 64 62 60 55 45 81	.663 .608 .608 .606 .539 .441 .316

[Madison J. Cawein in Courier Journal.] Of love that soars and sighs; Nor one whose wayward fancy seeks
Alove beyond the skies.

And it may be I know not what

To gaze in beauty's eyes. It came to pass my lot it was Blue, blue with summer, where the grass Winked full of dewy eyes.

The roses blew, the roses grew Voluptuous red and white; And in each hollow heart the dew Hung stung with laughing light. I know not how, I know not when; I only know that there She met me in the goblin glen, As some dim flower fair. I know not how, I know not why,

For 'twas a dream, I ween, Sad as sad sorrow's very sigh, Or tears in young eyes seen. The roses blew; I culled a bud, A dream-rose, frail as air; Red as two cheeks that burn with blood,

And fixed it in her hair. Then light grew night, and desolate Of love and all desire My life, where all the passion late Leapt trembling with its fire.

For though I found her fair as thought,

I found that, like the flower

storm or fog.

She had no soul; a lovely naught That withered in the hour. THE COMING OCEAN STEAMER To Make the Trip in Thirty-six Hours

From Land to Land. Pall Mall Gazette. Here is a clever picture of her: She will be over a quarter of a mile in length, and will do the passage from Sandy Hook to Liverpool in 36 hours, being one night out. She will be driven by electricity and in such a fashion as to keep railway time, despite

Passage can be secured by flash photo—
Edison's patent—and the ticket will include an opera stall or a concert ticket or a seat in a church pew, the opera house, concert hall and church being all on board. A covered ring for horse exercise will be provided and a racing track for fast trotters. A base ball ground and tennis courts will also form a portion of the attractions. Fer business men a stock exchange will be operated, the quotations being posted from the tickers every two minutes on the vibration system. The leading papers of all countries will be reprinted each morning by the electric reflection system.

A spacious conservatory, centaining the choicest flowers of all climates, will afford an agreeable lounging place, and bouquets will be provided gratis. As at Monaco and Monte Carlo, a suite of apartments will be laid out for play, to be kept open all night—a sumptuous supper with the costliest wines free. English tailors and shoemakers will be in attendance, and clothes will be made and finished during the passage.

The millinery department will contain the French fashions of the previous day, and costumes will be confectioned while the ship is en route, and delivered complete on arrival at dock. Accommodation will be furnished for 10,000 passengers. Passage can be secured by flash photo-

Just Acquainted. [New Hampshire Republican.] He-You are a typical summer girl are ou not? He-And I am a typical college graduate?

He-Let's kiss.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY. That is the question. You can make some money-more than you have any idea of-by getting subscribers to The Weekly Globe. It He—Why, of course not! gives the largest commission ever paid on a She—No, it would interfere with vested

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, August 25.
BUTTER.—There has been a firmer tone to the utter market this week, especially on the higher rades, which are scarce, there being hardly enough or current wants. This makes a better demand or the lower grades.

131/2c % b; 20, 130; 30, 13c; 50, 13 Prints 14c % b. CHEESE.—There has been an advance in the market for cheese during the week and the position is quite firm. Prices have been very low, and a general advance may be expected soon.

We quote: New Cheese—New York extra, % b. 8(884/2; do 1st, 61/2071/2c; do, 2ds, 5@6c; Vermont, extra, 74/26; do, 1st, 61/2071/2c; do, 2ds, 5/20c; Sage, 9/20/2; part skims, 3/25c; Skims, 2e; Ohio flat, extra, 71/2/2673/2c; Ohio flat, 1sts, 6/201/2c. ary is so COMPLETE as this one is; not only does this Ohio flat, extra, 71/2@75/2c; Ohio flat, 1sts, 6 G61/2c.

G61/2c.

Liverpool quotations, white, 41s 6d.

EGGS.—The recepts have been heavy during the week and the market is somewhat depressed in consequence.

We quote: Eastern extra, 21c; do, first, 16/2018c; Vermont and New Hampshire extra, ... 21c; Michigan, extra, 19; Western, first, 17/2018c; Nova Scotia and New Brunswick 1st., ... 220c \$\frac{2}{3}\$ dos; F. E. Isiand, 1st., ... 21c; per doz; Near-by and Cape, fancy, 23/205/2c \$\frac{2}{3}\$ dos.

BEANS.—The market for beans remains the same as last reported. Fine fresh stock is not plentiful and quotations are steady.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked, \$\frac{2}{3}\$... 2... \$\frac{2}{3}\$ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, small, \$2.40/2.50 \$\frac{2}{3}\$ bush; do screened, \$2.00/2.10; do 2ds, \$1.80/21.90; Medium choice, hand-nicked, \$2.20/2.30; do, screened, \$2.00/2.10; Yellow Eyes, extra, \$3.50/26.80; do, 2ds, \$2.20/23.40; Red Kidneys, \$3.50/26.80; do, 2ds, \$2.20/20.40; do, 2ds, \$2.20/20

\$3.50@4.00.
MESTIC FRUITS,—The supply of choice ap-slight, but the demand for such is very good il rates. Berries of all kinds are in rather

Miscellaneous.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, native packers, 91/20101/2; New England steers, green, 6261/2; do, cow. 51/20; do, do, buils, ... 631/4; Salted steers, 8281/2; do cows, 8281/4; bulls, 6261/2; 70.769 bs, 756280c; 9212 bs, 956261; Texas, dry-salted, 81/20; Tex fint rough, 212; Texas ktps... 211; Buenos Ayres, 16; Rio Grande, 136/134/2; Montevideo, ... 261; Cordova, ... 217; Rio Grande ktps... 213; Bierra Leone, 13; Biersa & Gambia, 102/11, Zantbar hides, ... 201; Tamative, 8281/2; Dry Chinas, 101/2012; Texas ktps... 213; Biersa Leone, 13; Biersa & Gambia, 102/11, Zantbar hides, ... 201; Tamative, 8281/2; Dry Chinas, 101/2012; Dry Chinas, Miscellaneous.

2005.
WOOL.—The receipts of wool the past week were 17,103 bales domestic and 3765 bales foreign against 12,813 bales domestic and 2424 bales foreign last week, and 10,736 bales domestic and 3244 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1889. WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, Aug. 22, 1880:
Amount of stock at market—tatle, 3312; sheep and lambs, 12,809; swine, 15,729; veals, 1171; horses, 565.
Western cattle, 2712; Northern cattle, 449;
Eastern cattle, 177.
Western sheep and lambs, 2712; Eastern sheen
and lambs, 410; Northern sheep and lambs, 4028.
Prices of Northern and Eastern beef cattle per
hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from \$3.00
to \$6.25.
Prices of Western beef cattle per hundred pounds.

THE

Late

MINING STOCKS.

2542

129

41 691/2 61/2 591/2

248/4

och 126

| Description | Country hides. | Country

HEAVEN ON EARTH. A Land Where Piano Playing Must

Be Done Behind Closed Doors. A curious system of fines obtains in Germany. People are fined for every curious little alleged offence. An estimable lady went last week in the old part of Hanover. Wandering about in the quaint, narrow streets she lost her way, and being unable to speak German or to find a cab, she mean-dered wildly hither and thither, until at last she found herself in a remote suburb,

Seeking to make a short cut back to the city, she started across an open field, but was speedily overhauled by a native, who implied by his tones and gestures that she was committing a grave offence. To make a long and harrowing story short, this estimable lady was ultimately compelled to pay a fine of three marks for trespassing upon the private property of a suburban 

quite in the country.

armer.

Boys are fined for playing games in the streets: to throw a snowball at any person or anything costs 75 cents. Whistling upon the streets is a finable offence, so is dropping nutshells or fruit peelings upon the pavement. If your neighbor keeps poultry and the cackling disturbs you, a complaint to the police results in the immediate abstement of the nuisance.

When the young women of the family practice upon the plane to the windows of the room must be closed in order that the neighborhood shall not be pestered.

A Point Well Taken.

She-You must not let any other girl rest rights, you know.

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### Modern Geographical Names, and \$1500 Pictorial Illustra
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fruit, the failure being due to a fierce current of air from a fan carrying off the sweet dust before it reached the berries. A minute or two later a quartet seated at a table near by began to sneeze violently. and finally rose as one man to remonstrate with somebody, they did not quite know

whom, for deluging them with a shower of The culprit proved to be an innocent youth who had been engaged for several minutes in a fruitless effort to pepper the contents of his dinner plate. The pepper had been swept by the current from one of the fans to the table occupied by the party whose sternutatory exercises had caused the disturbance. the disturbance,
He had about concluded that the casters
needed refilling.

New Application of Hypnotism. Bunting-Let me see if I can hypnotize Larkin-Go ahead.

Bunting (after a few passes)-At noon tomorrow you will hand me the \$20 you bor-

Many years ago I was serving as a captain in the 110th Regiment. At the period of my story we were quartered at D-, a fortress of considerable size in the south of

In order that the circumstances of the adventure I am about to describe may be and prest a sentry over it, or some poor devil will break his neck to a moral!"

"You may save yourself the trouble, old boy!" I exclaimed gayly, as I burst into the reom. The sentry's on already, and so I've saved my neck and Evetts there won't adventure I am about to describe may be understood. I must explain at the risk of being tedious, that the citades of the fortin which my regiment lay is defended by two circles of dry ditches, each about 50 feet wide. The side walls of these ditches, technically walls of these ditches, technically known as escarps and counterscarps, are, as was usual in fortifications of that date, rivetted with masonry and are perpendicular. The outer circle ditch is 30 feet deep, the bottom being paved with flagstone. The inner ditch is 40 feet deep, and is similarly paved, so that I need asked Hawes with surprise.

"Yes!" I answer: date, rivetted with masonry and are per-pendicular. The outer circle ditch is 30 flagstone. The inner ditch is 40 feet deep, and is similarly paved, so that I need scarcely say that a fall from the edge would

however, the drawbridges are rarely raised, a strong guard, nevertheless, being invaria-

For the convenience of the officers and certain of the residents in the citadel there was a short cut which might be used. This was a footpath up the steep side of the cliff, through a strongly guarded postern gate. The path led in zigzag fashion up to the counterscarps of the ditches, which were crossed by light plank bridges, so designed as to be removable with great ease in a few minutes. None but officers quartered in the citadel and a few persons with special permits signed by the officer commanding the garrison were allowed to make use of this short cut, the soldiers and others who had occasion to visit the citadel being restricted to the main approach.

Among the young men of the company was a lad of the name of Adair Cameron. I had a horror of the favoritism, the bad effects of which I had often seen, but it was impossible not to feel a strong interest in this young fellow. Clean and soldierlike in appearance, smart at drill, well set up, and appearance, smart at drill, well set up, and transly as a rock, he was a model of what a process of the second s will conseque to this young fellow. Clean and soldied it is anoceanous, must at drill will set up an accordance among the property of the control of the property of the property

were the only children of an old widow living in the north of Scotland. The old woman could do little to support herself, and was mainly dependent upon the labor of one son and such little help as Private Cameron could send her from savings of his pay. It seemed that some family quarrel had taken place between the widow and her youngest son, and that the latter, in a moment of pique had enlisted, but had, when too late, repeated. He had been drafted to the same regiment as his elder brother, whom he had acquainted with these facts on his arrival in the barracks that day. Private Cameron told me, with deep emotion that wothing could save his mother from the workhouse (an idea which seemed to fill him with shame and horror unless his brother could be bought out of the service and sent back home.

As his brother had not been three months enlisted, this could be effected by a payment of £10; but such a sum was far beyond the means of either brother. Cameron in despair had come to me for help, hardly darries as he told me, to hope that I could

in despair had come to me for help, hardly daring, as he told me, to hope that I could give it. He said he had been encouraged to seek my assistance by my constant kind-

him. "I would pay you back, sir. I swear it to you," said the boor lad earnestly. "You can stop my pay every week, sir. I want next to nothing. I don't drink any, and I can easy get all I need to smoke and the like of that. I will pay you back, sir. indeed I will!" Well, to cut my story short, after some reflection, and not a little misgiving as to whether in respect of discipline I wis doing right. I agreed to let him have the money. I could well afford it: I liked the man, and had been touched by his story not a little.

man, and had been touched by his story not a little.

"You should begin to save up your pay in the savings bank, Cameron," said I, as he thanked me earnestly.

I had not the least intention of repaying myself from his hard-earned savings, and quite looked upon the loan as a gift, but I judged it better not to say so expressly, lest the easy manner of obtaining the money might do harm, while I thought it a good opportunity of encouraging frugal habits.

Cameron's gratitude, was deep, and I could not help feeling that his expression of it was sincere and heartfelt.

As he was leaving the room he turned, looked me full in the face, and said, "God bless you, sir, for your kindness to me! I shal not forget it! I will repay you, sir, so help me God!"

I was struck by the singular earnestness

nelp me God!"
I was struck by the singular earnestness
of the man, and when he had left the room
said to myself, "I may have done right or brother was permitted to leave for his home almost immediately; my part in the transaction was not suspected, and in a few weeks the matter passed out of my mind. Cameron continued in his steady conduct, and each month I observed that he was putting a little sum to his oredit in the regimental savings bank. I never, hewever, alluded to the occurrence again. About three mouths afterwards I went away on short leave. I had accented a vachting invi-

the Channel islands.

I returned to D— late one night, and leaving my heavier baggage at an hotel in the town. I started up to barracks with a

went slowly up the zigzag path. through the postern gate, crossed the first or outer ditch, and was within a few yards of the inner one, when I was startled by a sudden

inner ene, when I was startled by a student challenge—
"Halt! who goes there?"
"Officer," I answered feeling not a little surprised, for there had not used to be a sentry over the plank bridge. It was rather dark, and I could not see very distinctly. I advanced a pace or two, when I was again halted. "You can't pass here! Go back!" I heard in sharp, distinct topes

in sharp, distinct tones.

This mearta long round for me, which, so late at night, and carrying as I was a heavy bag, was very disagrecable.

"Not pass here." I exclaimed, peevishly.

"Why not? I am an officer quartered in the citade!" eitadel!"
"You can't pass! Go back!" repeated the

"You can't pass! Go back!" repeated the voice, hoarsely.

The tones seemed familiar, and rather irritated by the somewhat peremptory answer I advanced another pace and saw close in front of me a sentry with his rific at the port.

"Go back! Go back!" repeated the figure in the same hurried tones.

The might was not so dark but that I could make out the features of Private Adair Cameron. For one moment I thought of inquiring the reason of the road, which was usually open being closed, but on second

additions to enter into an altercation with a sentry whose orders were evidently stringent; so very sulkily, I turned and began to retrace mysteps. I had gone only a few yards when I heard behind me the cry. "Sentry go!" ring through the quiet night The sound lingered in my ears till the schoes from the gray ramparts died away in the still air and all was once more, prefoundly silent. In no very good humor I permission.

found myself at last, hot and tired with my burden, in the passage leading to my quar-

The room occupied by my subaltern was next to mine; the door was open and I heard voices within.

"Those infernal Sappers are always at some game! They go and move a bridge for some silly reason or other, and never think of telling any ene. I only heard about it 10 minutes ago and now I've got to go and post a sentry over it, or some poor The Great Sea Serpent-Giant Squids

get his company just yet!"

The adjutant (for it was he that had been speaking and Evetts, my subaitern, greeted me with all the boisterous welcome of old Horrors of the Fearful Octopus, into Whose Clutches Victor Hugo Fell.

Eugene Field Has Discovered That Carsl-

its cruelty. It seldom kills. It pounces upon, it cripples, and it plays with its victim, reveling in his misery, delighting in

his groans. You think it has forgotten you: you flatter yourself that you are no longer its slave.

marshy character of the soil between Europe and America renders walking impracticable.

The portier is one who poses at the entrance to every hotel and howls as you go out or come in. He speaks fluently every language except your language. Your language he speaks a leedle. For bowing to you and for speaking your language a leedle you have to pay the portier a florin a week. He also has the prerogative and inalienable right to charge you two kreutzers for every newspaper that comes to you by post.

the sole. 75 kreutzers: if as the zander, 50 kreutzers. You choose the name and pay your money.

The doctor is autocratin Carlsbad. What he says must go. If you fare ill he says it is because you are not obeying his orders; if you fare well he says. "I knew it would be so!" When he assures you that you are making weight, you must take it for granted that if the scales tell you differently the scales lie. At any rate, you may depend upon it that the doctor will not permit you to leave Carlsbad until your waltet at least has been reduced in heft.

Then he will send you to Switzerland. That's where the Alps are: they are very high, but they are not so high as things are in Carlsbad.

The waters in Carlsbad are warm; they are the reverse of the weather, which, though watery, is not warm. When the water and die Verdauungsschwache meet within you they are both somewhat surprised. And, for that matter, so are you, Both water and Verdauungsschwache seem to fear one another. They strike a true, The water goes its way and so does die Verdauungsschwache.

But this truce in only temporary. Before a storm the calm; peace orecedes war.

After a week of respectable quiet there is trouble. The water and you are the field of battle, the dead, the dying and the wounded. Sometimes the water temporarily succeeds and plays triumphal marches through your streams and the giant squid theory like the same monster, was believed for centuries to inhabit the seas and fiords of Scandinavia, where it is now known that squid theory likewise illentify with the same making squid theory like the seas and fiords of Scandinavia, where it is now known that squid theory like the seas and fiords of Scandinavia, where it is now known that the two creatures, the one real and the other indivition, and not head the same making the two creatures, the one real an

Sometimes the water temporarily succeeds and plays triumphal marches through your system. Anon die Verdauungsschwache achieves the mastery and celebrates with pyrotechnics and brass-band music through

your vitals.
This sort of thing continues 10 days. It is merely a question of time whether die Verdauungsschwache or you succumb first. This is why he who survives Carlsbad is vulgarly called a blood of the first water. In Carlsbad aloue does die Verdauungs-schwache meets its Waterloo.

Two of Private Allen's War Stories. [Galveston News.]
Congressman Allen of Mississippi never tires of telling funny tales about the war.

Here are two: A Confederate soldier in a certain regiment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occaston his cap-tain found him in line as an unexpected attack opened. Standing up behind him the captain drew his pistol and said:

the captain drew his pistol and said:

"Now. John, up to this time you have run from every fight. You have disgraced yourself on all occasions. Now, if you stir from the line this time lintend to shoot you dead. I shall stand here, right behind you, and if you start to run I shall certainly kill you."

John heard the captain through, and, drawing himself up to an unusual height, replied:

"Wall, captain, you may shoot me if you like, but I'll never give any low-lived, low-"Wall, captain, you may shoot me if you like, but I'll never give any low-lived, low-down Yankee the privilege of doing it."
At Murfreesboro a Confederate soldier was rushing to the rear with all the speed he could command. An officer hailed him and sneeringly inquired why he was running so tast away from the Yankees. The soldier, without stopping, yelled back:
"Because I can't fly."

(Racket.]
He-How do you do, Miss Brownstone; country-er-at what time do the trains run Miss Brownstone (who has not yet been broken in to catch trains, wearily)—The trains go three minutes before I can get to the station, and at other times during the

At the Seashore. [World.] Daughter-Mamma, Tom tried to kiss me on the beach last night. Mamma-You did not permit him to do so, of course

Daughter—No, mamma—. Mamma—I'm giad of that, my child. Daughter (resuming)—He did it wi

SEA MONSTERS.

in the Indian ocean, and no less than 40 or 50 species of them are known. They are all exceedingly poisonous and will usually attack man. They frequently attain a length of 12 feet, and there is no particular reason for assuming that they do not arrive at vastly greater size.

One of the best attested sea servents on record was seen on the 6th day of August, 1848, by the officers of H. M. S. Dedalus in the North Facific. About 60 feet of its length were visible, and thad all the appearance of a gigantic snake. Its head and shoulders held four or five feet above the surface of the water, through which it swam at the rate of perhaps 15 miles an hour. It was viewed at quite close quarters through field glasses from the ship's deck and was observed to be of a dark brown color, yellowish white about the throat, and with what appeared to be a mane.

On Feb. 24, 1849, about 40 miles from the spot where the serpent above-mentioned was seen. Capt. Herriman of the ship Brazilian saw a strange creature astern stretching along the water for 30 feet or more, with its head lifted several feet above the surface, and a mane running down the neck. A boat was lowered, and the monster was approached with harpoons. It was found to be an immense piece of sea weed, to which the swell caused by the subsidence of a previous gale gave a sinuous and snake like motion. This latter story illustrates the possibilities of optical deception in the case of most conscientious observers.

and Poulps that Attack Men.

(Washington Star. Two-thirds of the earth's surface is covered with water, the far depths of which, fiagstone. The inner ditch is 40 feet deep, and is similarly paved, so that I need sked Hawes with surprise.

asked Hawes with surprise.

"But I haven't posted one yet!" said Hawes. "I was just going to see about doing it when you came in. For they're gradual ascent, so contrived as to be raked by fire from one or other of the bastions or outworks throughout its course. It crosses the ditches over drawbridges, protected by special works of great strength.

In time of war these drawbridges would be kept raised, and would only be lowered temporarily on urgent occasions. When raised, the fortress would be inaccessible from without unless scaling ladders were used to cross the ditches. In time of peace, however, the drawbridges are rarely raised, a strong guard, nevertheless, being invariamiles and miles below the waves, have

lore. Who can say what fightful cross the property can be about the way but a feeling to good and the like property can be about the water the good and the like property can be about the property can

Europe and America renders walking impracticable.

The portier is one who poses at the entrance to every hotel and howls as yougo out or come in. He speaks fluently every language except your language. Your language except your language. Your language be speaks a leedle. For bowing to you and for speaking your language a leedle you have to pay the portier a florin a week. He also has the prerogative and inalienable right to charge yeu two kreutzers for every newspaper that comes to you by post.

If you kick he will simply put a snaidle on you.

The fish that swim in Carlsbad creek have many names, but they are one. If you eat him as the trout you pay 1 florin: if as the sole, 75 kreutzers; if as the zander, 50 kreutzers. You choose the name and pay your money.

Young Men May Need Encourage

ment But they Dislike Boldness. [Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal.]
I may as well be frank at once and say I

do not like the maid who does the wooing. She is usurping the privilege of her knight, and if I were he I should turn and fiee. "But," says Ethilinda, "he needs encour agement!" Perhaps he does. But not too much of it. When you want to give an invalid something to increase his appetite
you do not offer to eat for him; instead you

acid that quickens the taste and makes a

My dear girl, ask almost any man you

know what his favorite flower is, and, after he has thought, he will tell you either the violet or the rose. One grows surrounded and protected by green leaves, and to get it perfect—that is, with a stem—you have to reach down and pluck it carefully.

but in a determined way. The other is guarded by sharp thorns, and though it stands up in a most dignified way, it resists, except by its encouraging sweetness, the one brave enough to take it from the parent

one brave enough to take it from the parent tree.

You can learn a good lesson in a flower garden; you see the hollyhocks plant and know that they are the forward beauties of the world of flowers; you see the lilies with their bowed heads, and are convinced that beauty without faith is of little worth; you are aware of a dainty perfume, and know that the little lady, whose qualities surpass her charms—the mignonette—is near; you can see the magnificent or in the gaudy sunflower; you can see the aggressive one in the scarlet geranium, and you can think of them all and conclude this, the ones worth having, sweet of perfume and restful in color, are not the ones worth average.

acid that quickens the taste and makes a great hunger come.

Treat your sweetheart in the same way. Let him be conscious that you are pleased with his liking; but do not for a minute take away his prerogative and do the woinc. No man has a true appreciation for good things too easily obtained. Man is yet a little bit of a savage, and the hunt is always a delight to him. Your eyes may reflect his love, but they need not announce your's first, thereby sending out an invitation.

of Sciences at Copenhagen, wrote that the kraken grew to be half a mile leng, and was frequently mistaken while floating asleep upon the surface of the sea for an island, so that people landed upon it and were engulfed in a maelstrom by its sinking. It will be remembered that Sinbad the Sallor is said in the "Arabian Nights" to have had a like adventure. The kraken was big enough to lay hold of the largest man-of-war and pull it down to the bottom with its arms, which it frequently raised up as high as the masts of a ship out of the water.

Pontoppidan speaks of the manner in which the kraken was accustomed on occasions to discolor the water about it, and his describtion otherwise proves that it and the giant squid were the same animal.

Victor Hugo was more distinguished as a literary man than as a zoologist, Accordingly, his famous "devil fish," described with such horrible detail in the "Toilers of the Sea," is to some extent a mixture of the giant squid and the octopus, to be spoken of later on.

Many astonishing adventures with specimens of the glant squid have been recorded on the strength of unimpeachable testimony. On the 30th of November, 1861, between Madeira and Teneriffe, the French steamer Alecton, commanded by Lieut. Bouyer, came upon the enormous specimen in floating asleep.

The vessel was stopped and many bullets were fired at it.

nating asleep.

The vessel was stopped and many bullets were fired at it, passing through its soft fiesh without doing it much harm appar-ently. Harpoons were thrust into it, but they would not hold, and finally a rope with flesh without doing it much harm apparently. Harpoons were thrust into it, but they would not hold, and finally a rope with a runping knot was slipped over the tail. When an attempt was made to hoist the creature on deck the enormous weight caused the rope to cut through, and the mass fell back into the sea and disappeared. On the 26th of October, 1873, two fishermen were out in a small boat, near the east end of Beile Isle. Conception bay, Newfoundland. Seeing a strange object floating on the water they struck it with a gaff, upon which it instantly shot out two enormous tentacular arms over the boat, trying to seize its assailants. One of the men—Theophilus Picot—cut off both arms with an axe, whereupon the animal moved off, darkening the water as it went with an inky fluid. A fragment of tentacle presented by the fishermen, 17 feet long and 3½ feet in circumference, was sent to Yale College and was carefully estimated to have belonged to a giant squid with a body 10 feet long and tentacles 32 feet in length. This, however, was only a baby one. On the 22d of September, 1877, another specimen of about equal size was stranded on the north shore of Trinity Bay. Newfoundland. A perfect reproduction of it as it was in life may now be seen in the National Museum. On the 10th of January, 1877, affidavit was made by officers and crew of the bark Fauline to the effect that on July 8, 1873. In lat. 5–13 south, long, 35 west, they all saw three large sperm whales off the lee bow. Suddenly some sort of monster appeared just ahead, and throwing an arm 100 feet or more in length around one of the whales—it encircled the cetacean three times—literally dragged the whale, head foremost, to the bottom. Subsequently what was thought to be the same monster was seen by the same observers to uplift an arm 60 feet above the surface.

The ancients thoroughly believed in the existence of sea serpents of vast dimensions. During the wars with Carthage a great water snake kept the Roman rmy from crossing the river Bagrados, swallowing m

wns. The monster's skin and skull were subse quently preserved in a temple at Rome.
Many Latin authors of repute mention big
sea serpents such as undoubtedly did then,
as they do now, exist in tropical seas. Such
marine serpents are found most commonly

The rubbing of noses common among Esquimos and some South Sea Islanders is a form of this greeting which, so far from being expressive of affection, is simply significant of a desire to test the quality of the person so saluted—to determine his status

B

unromantic character, until the time of William and Mary, when the more refined manners of the French gradually superseded the grosser forms of the English, and the kiss was consecrated to the uses of love.

cated any formal servility.
Hence when his hand was seized he drew

the world of flowers; you see the liles with their bowed heads, and are convinced that beauty without faith is of little worth; you are aware of a dainty perfume, and know that the little lady, whose qualities surpass her charms—the mignonette—is near; you can see the masculine girl in "joinny-jumpous" you can see the positive one in the gaudy sunflower; you can see the aggressive one in the scarlet geranium, and you can think of them all and conclude this, the ones worth having, sweet of perfume and restful in color, are not the ones that protuce themselves on your vision and say, as do some flowers and some maidens, "Take us."

Kiss. But, like the kiss, it has sloughed off all savage significance, and is confined to fall savage significance, and is confined to the use of friendly intercourse. English and Americans are much laughed at by other people for their devetion to the form, for it is almost altogether abandoned on the continent of jurope except as a symbol of intimacy. And even with us a readiness to offer the hand to a stranger is coming to be looked upon as a matter of country breeding. The development of the hand-shake is following the lines followed by the kiss. But, like the kiss, it has sloughed of all savage significance, and is confined to the use of friendly intercourse. English and Americans are much laughed at by other people for their devetion to the form, for it is almost altogether abandoned on the continent of jurope except as a symbol of intimacy. And even with us a readiness to offer the hand to a stranger is coming to be looked upon as a matter of country breeding. The development of the hand-shake is followed upon as a matter of s

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

They May Hypnotize the Crowd, but Not the Camera.

Novel Use of a Detective Bex and Some Surprisingly Novel Results.

The Fakir Simply Controls His Audience and Hypnotism Does the Rest.

[Chicago Tribune.] Frederick S. Ellmore is a Chicago man who has just returned from a trip around the world. He has a theory that the wonderful tricks of the East Indian jugglers were performed by the aid of hypnotism

were performed by the aid of hypnotism. To a Tribune reporter Mr. Ellmore said:

"We had done West India pretty thoroughly, and had spent some time in Calcutta. From there we went north, stopping for a short time at Rajmahal and Dinapur. From the latter city we went south to Gava, which we reached in July last. Lessing and I had frequently talked, over the Indian fakirs and their marvellous performances, and had determined upon making a careful test of their powers. So we were constantly on the alert for some first-class juggler.

"One afternoon Lessing rushed into the room where I was taking a snooze, and told me there was a fakir in front about ready to begin his performances. I was as pleased as he was. Neither of us had been able previous to this time to see any of these fellows, but we arranged a little plan which we were to put into operation when opportunity offered.

"I had been impressed by a theory that the explanation of all their alleged supernatural performances would be found in hypnotism, but I did not know just how to get at it until Lessing proposed this blan to test my theory. While the fakir was going through his performances lessing was to make a rapid pencil sketch of what he saw, while I at the same moment would take a snap shot with my kodak.

Being prepared to put this plan in operation we went out from our abode, and there found the fakir and a crowd of natives and one or two Europeans.

"The fakir was a queer looking chap. His hair was long and matted, and his beard hung low on his breast. His only decoration was a copper ring or bracelet worn about his right arm, between the wrist and

To a Tribune reporter Mr. Ellmore said:

tion was a copper ring or bracelet worn about his right arm, between the wrist and

about his right with, bowledge and a seed and seed and when I arose and raised mine eyes—'twas so term it. They seemed to be almost jet black, and were set unusually deep in his head. When we stepped into the little circle about him those eyes took us in from solate grown.

It the first moment at thy knee I knet.

And when I arose and raised mine eyes—'twas seen!—

God's kingdom in this beauteous land terrene,

Not in one chosen spot, one narrow belt,
But outspread o'er the universal face

of this grand earth of ours, that is not sad,

sole to crown.
"He had spread upon the ground a coarse "He had spread upon the ground a coarse carpet of peculiar texture about four feet, wide and six feet long. At his right stood a small earthen bowl, and across his knees lay a strange looking musical instrument. "Having received the signal that all was ready, he took the bowl in his hands and turned the contents—a reddish, sand-like mixture—out upon the carpet. He mixed it about with his fingers, apparently to show that it contained no concealed objects.

it about with his fingers, apparently to show that it contained no concealed objects.

"Replacing the sand in the bowl he stood it in the centre of the carpet, several feet in front of his knees, and covered it with a small shawl, first placing in the mixture several seeds of the mango fruit. Then he played a weird air on his pipe, swayed back and forth, and as he did so slowly took in each member of the crowd of spectators with those marvellous eyes of his. The swaying and pipe-playing lasted two or three minutes. Then he suddenly stopped and raised one corner of the shawl.

"We saw several green shoots two or three inches high. He replaced the shawl, played a little more on his pipe, and I could have sworn I saw the shawl pushed three feet into the air. Again he stopped and removed the shawl. This time there was a perfect tree, two feet or more in height, with long, slender, flat leaves. Lessing nudged me, and I took my picture while he made a skeleton sketch.

"While we were watching this creation of the queer old man, it seemed to vanish before our eyes. When it was gone he removed the bowl and spread the shawl on the ground before him. Then there was more music and more swaying, more looking at the crowd; and as we watched the dirry square of cloth he had placed on the ground we saw outlined beneath it some moving object. As we watched, he grasped the shawl by each of two corners and snatched it from the ground.

"Upon the spot where it had rested but a

and at a word from the fakir he walked over to the twine and began climbing it, a good deal after the fashion of a monkey

good deal after the fashion of a monkey climbing a grapevine.

"As he was starting I got his range and made a picture of him. Lessing at the same time making a sketch. The boy disappeared when he had reached a point 30 or 40 feet from the ground, at least we could not see him. A mom-nt later the twine disappeared. Then the fakir arose, folled up his carpet, took the bowl away, and passed among the crowd soliciting coatributions.

no his carpet, took the bowl away, and passed among the crowd soliciting contributions.

"I had no facilities for developing the kodak films, and it was these Lessing took with him as well as 1000 or more other negatives, to be developed. The fakir pictures, with a few others. I received this afternoon. After the fakir's departure Lessing filled in his sketches, and these he left with me. You'll see by comparing the ones that Lessing made with the photographs that in no instance did the camera record the marvellous features of the performance.

"For instance, Lessing's sketch shows the tree grown from the bush there. Lessing saw a baby and so did I, and he has got it in his sketch, but the camera demonstrates that there was no baby.

"Lessing's sketch of the boy climbing the twine is evidence that he saw it, but the camera says there was no boy and no twine. From which I am compelled to believe that my theory is absolutely correct—that Mr. Fakir had simply hypnotize the camera. I'm going to write out a history of the affair and have copies made of the pictures and forward them to the London Society for Psychical Reseach. I have no doubt it will make good use of them."

[East Oregonian.]
Lot Livermore visited the Adams neighborhood the other day and says he found himself in the midst of a magnificent grain country. The general average, he thinks. will be about 35 bushels. While allowing his imagination to dwell fondly on the fields when the true and kinglike Mind holds sway, When the sovereign Heart asserts it's power; Rough is the hand and the face hard set when the brow with the beads of toil is wet, But sweet is the smile and soft the palm his imagination to dwell fondly on the fields of waving grain, reflecting on their speedy conversion into shining gold pieces. Lot became lost. He was trying to find R. H. When the baby's throne is the father's breast, came lost. He was trying to find R. H.

When the baby's throne is the latter and the sea grass web at rest.

As he lies in the sea grass web at rest,

And the fond young mother sits and sings, Whitehead's place and ran up against innumerable wire fences. One man told him
to follow a certain lane. He followed it—
and struck another fence at the end. He
returned to wreak vengeance on his informant, but the villain had wisely made himself scarce. He finally reached his destination after several hours of travel.

And the fond young mother sits and slugs,
Hard by, with her hand on the trailing stringsHeaven is pictured as far away,
By bachelor-bards and hernits gray,
But out of the twilight dim there strays
A glint of its gold when the hammock sways.

Lightning Not Always from Clouds. [Rochester Democrat.]

During the progress of the electrical in several places that electrical discharges passed from the earth to the clouds as well as from the clouds to the earth. The Post-Express described this phenomenon as observed at Irondequot bay. A gentleman who recently returned from the Adirondacks observed the same electrical action. dacks observed the same electrical action. Discharges passed from the hills across Star lake to the clouds and from the clouds to the hills. Similar observations were made in this city in 1885 or 1886. Preceding and during the volcanic cruptions in New Zealand. June 11, 1886, electric freballs or meteors were observed to pass from the earth. These electrical discharges were from regions considerably removed from the volcanic craters.

It has been uraced that the eye cannot detect the direction of a lightning flish, and

It has been urked that the eye cannot detect the direction of a lightning firsh, and that the passage of a discharge from the earth to the sky is only apparent an optical illusion. This objection is employed mainly to support a theory that the passage is always from the sky to the earth. If the reasoning of the objection be correct, what is there to support the theory that the passage is always from the sky to the earth. The statement that discharges are invariably from the sky to the earth is based on observation, and has no other basis. An object on the earth may be shattered by a both passing from the earth to the sky as well as by passage from sky to earth. The shattering force is shown when the fluid passes from one medium to another. The

testimony of sight must be accepted in case of apparent passage of the bolt from earth to sky if it is accepted in the passage frem sky to earth.

### BRIC-A-BRAC.

Love's Language.

[Julia M. Lippmann in Traveller's Record.] I watched the wordless world at dawn Give greeting to the day.

I saw the speechless heaven at dusk Prepare for night the way.

I felt my mute heart throb to thes
And still must say it nay. The day, the night, and thou, dear love, Passed on, nor faintly guessed The passion that our silence strove

To utter unconfessed.

A Rhyming Reverie. [Life.]

It was a dainty lady's glove-A souvenir to rhyme with love. It was the memory of a kiss— So called to make it rhyme with bliss. There was a month at Mt. Desert-Synonymous and rhymes with firt.

A pretty girl and lots of style-Which rhymes with "Happy for awhile." There came a rival, old and bold-To make him rhyme with gold and sold. A broken heart there had to be-Alas! the rhyme just fitted me.

[James Newton Matthews.] ncomprehended and uncomprehending, The darling, but the despot of our days— Smiling she smites us—fondling us, she flays, Still madly loving us, yet still contending.

And proudest when her conquered heart is bend-And most unvielding when she most obeys-

She is so fashioned that her face betrays The struggle ended, long before the ending, She's like a bubble borne along the air. Forever brightest just before it breaks-Or like a lute that's mutest ere it wakes, In trembling ecstacies of love divine; Woman is always just across the line Of her own purposes. Beware! beware!

Since Our Souls Crossed. f New Orleans Times-Democrat. Since our souls crossed, sweet soul, my soul heth

dwelt
In the eternal Now. No Might-have-been, No Was, no Will be, but the calm serene It is—Life is—Light is—Love is—Truth is! I felt It the first moment at thy knee I knelt.

That is not sinful, is not woe-predoomed; But by the fire of love updrawn, consumed. Into Truth's sun, upleapeth and is glad. It is—Life is—Light is—Love is—Truth is—and ever

Now dwell we in the kingdom of His heaven Two Are Company.

[C. Weatherly in Cassell's Magazine.] There's a little nook I know In a garden quaint and old, Where the young folks often go, And tales of love are told; And I softly steal away
When I see them lingering there,
For its just as true today As when I was young and fair— True as aught beneath the sun: "Two are company, three are none!" And in that little nook Sometimes I love to stay, And down the years I look

To a time long passed away,

When a lover proud and true Lingered ever by my side, And neither of us knew That the world held aught beside Just ourselves beneath the sun, When two were company, three were none! Woman the Better Word. [Eila Wheeler Wilcox.]

Give us that grand word "woman" once again, And let's have done with "lady." Full of fine force—strong, beautiful, and firm, Fit for the noblest use of tongue or pen—

('Tis taught in schools, but needs serve native tast).
Yet narrow in her mind as in her shoe.

And if I buy or sell,
The good folk as they churchward go
Have only this to tell. My mother, just for love of her,

For Lydia's bed must have the sheet Spun out of linen sheer, And Lydia's room be passing sweet With odors of last year. The marigolds are out once more

The thorn-bush at Saint Martin's door Grows white for such as she. So, Sudbury, bid your gardens blow For Lydia comes today; Of all the words that I do know,

> In the Lazy Twilight. [Chicago Tribune.]

To lie in a hammock at dusk, and swing To the tunes of the nesting birds that ring From the emerald tents of the tranquil treeso toss all care to the cooling breeze, To turn to the past, and twine and tie

[Ernest McGaffey.] I am thy knight, and thou hast sent me forth

Wore lovingly and closely on their hearts When they went forth to far-off Palestine, But simply for thy word that it is best And for the trust and message sent by thee Do I go on to conquer in the fight Of man the brute against the man divine.

Has known of gladness and has tasted wos, And holds no higher honor to himself Than truest love to all things true and good And pity infinite for suffering. Here is my hand-and to the world my gage.

Caught some reflection of a light divine, Full-armed am I, and resolute as death To face the utmost rigor of my fate, To cleave to hope, to hope for happiness

seed the grosser forms of the English, and the kiss was consecrated to the u-es of love. The kiss, as a salutation between menalthough it still prevails among seme civilized races, is certainly not hable to find favor among people of refined sensibilities. Between women it is common enough everywhere, but probably does not mean much. Women are not so much in love with one another that they will put much heart into their salutation. Consequently their kiss is usually a cautious peck.

Shaking hands is in vogue in England and America, where it is a national institution. Two explanations are given of this salutation, neither of which perhaps fully account for its origin, but both may be partially true.

Herbert Spencer thinks that it began in the habit of kissing the hand by an inferior. In process of time when the spirit of courtesy got abroad among the people—he speaks more particularly of the Arabs and other Orientals—the acknowledgment of inferiority implied in the act was gently waived by the superior person, who deprecated any formal servility.

Hence when his hand was seized he drew it away with more or less violence, the effect being a handshake more or less hearty. By and by this remnant of the ceremony became the whole and handshaking took its place among the independent forms of greeting. This explanation seems to be artificial and strained. At any rate to is not much thought of.

The ether is that the right hands were clasped in time of savage war to prove that each was unarmed and both were men of peace. This view seems to find confirmation in the custom of some Africans who show the empty hand and strip the body to the waist to display their unarmed condition. Whatever the origin may have been it was long ago and the handshake is a reminiscence of savagery, just like the kiss, thas sloughed off all savage significance, and is confined to the ways of friendly intercourse. English

restful in color, are not the ones that protude themselves on your vision and say, as do some flowers and some maid ens. "Take to the content of the content

FORMS OF SALUTATION.

The more important if not more sacred considerations of business.

There is a curious salutation often heard, the meaning of which is attenuated to nothing, but which can be made of the widest significance in the mouths of those who will consider it. "How goes it?" Pure slang, apparently, and as used it probably is, but consider what it can be made to men. How goes what?—It is a very little word, but much can be got out of it. The word as originally used in this salutation probably stood for the whole world. How does the world treat you? and no doubt the original meaning of the phrase is not pure slang. "It" is one of the most highly abstract words in the law-guage—or rather it can be made so, and in this slangy salutation it has reached the height of attenuation and abstraction.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

On account of habit nothing seems more natural than to shake hands with one's friend, nothing more spontaneous than a lover's kiss.

Friendship and love find physical manifestations in these voluntary ceremonies. They are so much a part of human intercourse that friendship and love would be to many, barren idealities without these convenient modes of expressing emotion.

Words are cold and unfruitful of feeling.

The more important if not more sacred considerations of business.

There is a curious salutation of the heard, the meaning of which is attenuated to nothing, but which can be made to men. How goes with? "Pure slang, and in this salutation probably stood for the whole world. How does the world treat you? and no doubt the original meaning of the most highly abstract words in the law-guage—or rather it can be made to men. How goes with a salutation probably stood for the whole world. How does the world the associate with the salutation probably stood for the whole world. How does the world and in the meaning of the phrase is not pure language. The man and grew up with him from the earliest time. The handshake and the kiss are not the only such, but probably more of them have the

the conductor was a new mas and not acquainted with the pass system.

The conductor entered the car in quest of fares, and the first person he approached was the holder of the pass.

The gentleman handed him a dollar to take the ladies' fares from at the same remarking distinctly "Thirteen."

The conductor took the dollar and then began ringing the bell of the register. "Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding," went the bell.

"Here, here." broke in the passenger, "What in thunder are you trying to do!"

"Indu't you say that you wanted to pay for 13?"

His Congregation Never Deserted Him. [Pittsburg Dispatch.]
A clergyman was lamenting the fact that his congregation appeared to be restless during his sermons, and declared that many of the members of his flock would get up at a time when he fancied himself most im-

at a time when he fancied himself most impressive, and would leave the house.

"That's bad," answered a young preacher, but I must say that I do not experience any such annoyance. Not a single member of my congregation gets up and goes out during services."

"You don't say so?" the first speaker exclaimed. "How do you manage it?"

"I don't manage it at all—seems to manage itself." Don't they complain when you preach a "No, I've never heard a word of com-

ment of men. What is the style of your preaching?"

"Oh, rather dry, I am compelled to admit. I do not possess the faculty of drawing an in eresting illustration or of throwing out a bright idea."

"Well, well. I have never heard of anything so wonderful. And you tell me that no one ever gets up and goes out?"

"Yes, that's what I tell you."

"Well. I don't understand it at all."

"Oh, it is easy enough to explain. I am chaplain at the penitentiary."

TLife. 1 The visitor-But why become engaged if you never meant to marry him?
In the hammock—Because he is so sensitive. You know it mortifies a man much more to be refused than to have an engage-

A Considerate Maiden

Caffrey?" 'Bekase your honor, Oi absked him to sind a confidential teligraf to me woife, and the blaggyard read it." (Binghamton Republican.)
"My son," said the wise parent. "when

[Life.] Papa (who used a bad word when he tore his trousers)-I forgot myself then, Sammy. t was wrong of me to say such a word. Sammy-O, you needn't apologize, papa.

I often use it myself.

Talk? Well. I guess she does. Why.

dearly love to know how it makes one feel to be hypnotized."

"Oh, yes," returned John. "if you are quite willing to trust yourself in my power. But would not your parents object."

They need never know of it," reolied the maiden. "They have just gone to the theatre and will not be back for two or three hours yet. This will give you ample time to try your powers, will it not?"

"Oh, zertainly," replied John, "and with your permission I will begin at once."

John then made sundry movements with his hands in front of the maiden's eyes and in a few moments the beautiful orbs closed and to all appearances the maiden had sunk into a calm and peaceful sleep.

But, hark! her sweet lips are murmuring words and this is what she is saying:

"Oh, dear John, you will never, never know how much I love you. If I were only your wife, John, how happy I would try to make you. What a sweet dream this is. Put your arms around me, dearest, and let me lay my head upon your bosom. Such bliss—oh, such ecstatic bliss!—I never experienced be ore. I wish the delightful dream would go on and on forevermore."

One hour later the beautiful maiden awoke to earth again to find herself on the sofa beside her handsome lover, and he hardly appeared to be the same man, for his arms were about her slender waist in the most loving manner and his full red lips were pressing upon her own the most passionate kisses.

"Oh, John," she murmured, as she yielded herself put to his loving embraces. "I lave

pressing upon her own the most passionate kisses.

"Oh, John," she murmured, as she yielded herself up to his loving embraces, "I have had such a delightful dream, and now it is all ended. I wish it would come again some time, John."

"And so it shall, my darling" said the now thoroughly aroused John, "if you will promise to become my wife before you are a month older."

And now John's wife is one of the stanchest advocates of hypnotism.

UNLUCKY THIRTEEN.

"No, you double-breasted lunkhead! I hold pass No. 13, and want to pay for two adies!"
"Oh," exclaimed the conductor mildly, "Oh," exclaimed the conductor mildly, 
"why didn't you say so before!"

Then the bell-puller gave the passenger back his change and inwardly determined to get even on the first small boy that attempted to steal a ride.

"That is indeed singular. Your people must have been exceptionally well brought "No, I think not."
"Then you must be one of the most elo-quent of men. What is the style of your preaching?"

ment broken. Wantedalt Kept Confidential, [New York Herald.] "Why did you strike the operator. Mc

you hear profane language always shut "I try to," answered the hepeful, "but omehow the hinges won't work." Putting Him at His Ease.

"Does she talk much?" that woman's tongue would reach down to the bottom of the bottomless pit and half-way up again. Unlocks her carved drawers; And sprigs of withered lavender Drop down upon the floors.

To waif at will, in an airy boat,
As feathery-light as the floss afloat,
And drift and dream, and give full play Lost in Eastern Oregon Grain Fields. | Who can laugh at the world o'er his upturned too

I Am Thy Knight.

To conquer self, and from its ashes bring The phenix of my boyhood's fervid dreams; To live the long, long years and make my life Like to the sower as he passes by No favor hast thou sent, as those of old

Count me no idle dreamer-most of all I pray you not on some high pedestal Entrench my nature; I am but a man. Who loves and hates, is merry and is sad.

# WONDERFUL EATER.

Astonishing Appetite of a

St. Louis Man.

A Dangerous Man to Tackle When His Appetite is Good.

St. Louis Pest-Dispatch.

William Green appeared at the Four Courts this morning and before Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Dierkes swore out awarrant charging Otto Feldt with embey awarrant charging Otto Feldt with embey zlement. Feldt lives at 2511 Blarray. It is alleged in the information that he borrowed from Green a photocrraphic outfit of the value of \$40 which he has refused to return.

The prosecutor, William Green, is something of an eater. In fact, he is the champing of the Country in his line, having defeated all comers at numerous matches. Years ago the challenges sent out by his firelad, who wished to back him to out-eat any man in the United States, were never accepted, and forfeits which had been posted were taken down. Green has a record. The first match of any note in which he was engaged came off in 1872.

From his boyhood he had recognized that he had a enormous capacity for any kind of food, yet his fare for a day or a week would compare in quantity with that of any more intended to campare in quantity with that of any more intended to campare in quantity with that of any more intended to camp reduce the captain "that he deep compare in quantity with that of any more in mense amount of food.

In 1872. Green, who is a collector, was at an any man, who is a collector, was at an any man in the United States, were never accepted and compare in quantity with that of any more in the compare in quantity with that of any more in the compare in quantity with that of any more in the compare in quantity with that of any in the compare in quantity with that of any in the compare in quantity with that of any in the compare in quantity with that of any in the compare in quantity with that of any in the compare in quantity with that o

The prosecutor, William Green, is something of an eater. In fact, he is the champion of the country in his line, having defeated all comers at numerous matches. Years ago the challenges sent out by his friends, who wished to back him to out-eat any man in the United States, were never accepted, and forfeits which had been posted were taken down. Green has a record. The first match of any note in which he was engaged came off in 1872. From his boyhood he had recognized that he had an enormous capacity for any kind of food, yet his fare for a day or a week would compare in quantity with that of any predinary working man. It was only when he tried to eat that he devoured such an immense amount of food.

In 1872, Green, who is a collector, was at work with a number of bills in South St. Louis, when he met in a saloon three men at the lunch counter. One of them was a tailor, another a constable and the third a deputy marshal. Green felt a little hungry after his walk and set in to eat the whole of a five-pound sausage. The tailor, the constable and it me marshal thought they could eat a little bit themselves, and a match was proposed by some of the bystanders. It was agreed that the man eating the least was to pay the whole bill. and the quartet set to work. Such confidence had Green in his own ablities that he took bets right and left at even money that he would beat the others. As the contest proceeded he offered absurd odds that he could win with bounds to spare. He was not known about the place and the hystanders fairly crowded for his money, having, seen what the marshal and constable could do on various occasions. Everything in the saloon went on the bill of fare, and the men ate for an hour. Then the tailor, the marshal stood for another half hour, and the marshal stood for another half h

me, When the craze over the eating of nequal a day for 30 days was on, Green on numerous wagers, first by eating one sail a day for 25 days, then for 30 days nd finally for 50 days. His friends offered back him to eat two quails a day for a onth, but could get no answer to their nallenge.

Green's latest match was less than three onths ago. He was in a small country

not even "phased."
Green is a middle-aged man, of medium height, yet short in build. He weighs in the neighborhood of 259 pounds and has never been sick in his life. His appetite is normal, but his capacity is abnormal to say Fashionable Peasants in Buts.

Paris Despatch to the London Daily Telegraph. Frog fishing was the pastime in which Frog fishing was the rastime in which certain ladies and gentlemen who were guests at a country house near Paris indulged in a few summers since. This year, however, new diversions for the hot season have been devised by the guests of a popular countess. These sports are of the Arcadian model, and such as might have been suggested and patronized by Marie Antoinette in her Petit Trianon. At the forthcoming fete of the countess each guest is to wear peasant costume of the elegant Watteau type. Genuine huts or cabins, are to be erected in a park, and in them the sham country lads and lasses will meet to flirt, dance, drink milk or cider, and eat strawberries and cream. The fashionable bumpkins are to be allowed to have special rustic taverns of their own, where, after having exerted themselves at skittles and bolts, they will be able to refresh themselves with stronger liquor than that ladded out to the ladies. This alfresco fancy dress fete of aristocratic peasants will be wound up by a ball in the courty ard of the chateau, the musicians being placed on garlandwreathed hogsheads, as in the good old times. The idea of these rural rastimes is, of course, not quite new in this country, as it was developed to a considerable extent by a noted literary lady on her farm some time ago; but the latest venture of this description has some original elements which are dest ned to make it successful. certain ladies and gentlemen who were

Magnates Who Like the Weed. Jay Gould smokes the best brands of eigars. Four a day are his limit. He pays

James R. Keene gets away with a dozen a day easily. Mr. Keene smokes a cigar h at costs 20 cents and is pretty strong. His smoking bill averages \$2.50 per day.

Austin Corbin smokes a meerschaum pipe.
Andrew Carnegie also prefers a pipe.
Pierre Lorillard always has a pocketful of cigars which he distributes among his friends, Mr. Lorillard is an inveterate moker, and the brand does not make a bit of difference to him.
"I would just as soon smoke a five cent as a twenty-five-center," he says.
George Vanderbilt is a confirmed cigarette smoker. He rolls them himself, and manages to consume a dozen or more every day.

Chautauqua is a village of tents and houses. Swiss chalets and board shanties. a hotel and an amphitheatre. which is a strange-looking place when filled, according to the World. It is on a filled, according to the World. It is on a side hill, which has been excavated to form a hollow, which is lined with closely set tiers of henches, separated by paths which converge and slope down to the platform below the organ-loft. The ides are open. The roof, which uses toward the centre, is a perfect sounding-board. The amphitheatre will seat about 7000 persons. Its acoustics are admirable. When there is any entertainment in prospect people go there hours before the time appointed to secure seats. Men take books and papers, and women read or work to while away the time of waiting.

[St. James Gazette.]
The miracle-working wells of Galgocz, in the district of Pressburg, Hungary, are attracting thousands of pilgrims from Botracting thousands of pilgrims from Bohemia, Moravia, Lower Austria and various parts of Huncary. The authorities are, it is said, powerless in their attempts to disperse the multitude of devotees, who have on repented occasions, occur very unruly. This military have been summoned from the neighboring spirits on towns. The parish priest endeavors to exert his influence, but priest endeavors to exert his influence, but priest endeavors to exert his influence, but to little purpose and force has to be applied to compel the fanalical peasants to return their homes. The queen of heaven, it is f.mly believed has lately visited the soot, and a large number of the main, halt and blind have been transported thither to be cured of their afflictions.

# FRIENDS AND FORMEN.

Continued from the Third Page.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"HALT! WHO GOES THAR?"

Ever since starting, the captain had chosen a good, defensive position for each night's camp. He fortified it as well as the means at hand permitted. He had no lights after dark, and every available approach wa-carefully picketed.

This night, camp was made about the clear, cool spring near the summit of the divide. A mass of rocks, like a grant ruin, inclosed a grassy space where the animals could feed; and the wagons were so disposed of as to make a barrier in the only opening by which the place could be reached.

reached.

Long before dark all the food necessary till morning was cooked, and then the fire was extinguished.

It was a bright starlight night, but the valleys below the camping place were filled with a stygian darkness.

The guards were stationed by the captain, who then came back to the rock on which old Carter was perched with his flint and steel ready, and a number of shell-bark his kory torches by his side.

"What are the torches for?" asked the captain, who then came back to the present by the captain, his first and steel ready, and a number of shell-bark his kory torches by his side.

"What are the torches for?" asked the captain, who then came back to the present by the captain, his colonades, and connected on the south by wide structures of glass and iron, forming a spacious winter gardens and conservatories on the south.

The southern aspect of the architectural probability of classic design with fire urns, the present dark the four corners.

In the present and family uses, as will and applare the various certains from a central architectural probability of classic design with fire urns, the present dark the four corners.

In the food necessary till morning was cooked, and then the fire was extinguished.

It was a bright starlight night, but the present mansion in all its stately simpled the four corners.

In the present structure already the four corners.

In the present with fire urns, the present with fire urns, the present with southern aspect of the earch textural probability of classic design with fire urns, the present with seathers from a central architectural architectural probability as each the four corners.

In the present structural architectural architectur

"What are the torches for?" asked the captain.

"Wa'al, we uns mout need'em, an' then agin we moutn't. I shouldn't wonder if so be Sergt. McClure an' his boys was a watchin' out for we uns hereabouts." said old Carter.

"Sergt. McClure?" repeated the captain.
'Yes. Have you forgot?"
"I must confess I have."
"Why, the color sergeant of the old rifles.
Don't you mind Hank's a tellin' you that McClure an' a lot of the boys from these har hills lit out down at Corinth w'en they found you wasn't a comin' back any moah?"
"Oh, yes: I remember."
"Wa'al he should show up mighty soon.
Hello! did you see that down thar to the south?"
"See what, Carter?"
"A light! Thar sha goes again. Hit's the

no dimedity in seeing the repeated flashes that told a fight was going on below.

"Let us go down and help," shouted Hank, and he would have leaped from the rock had not the captain commanded him to stay where he was.

"Our 'Iriends' can find us better than we can find them, and in our attempt to help them in the darkness we might be doing them harm." he said.

about the spring had been re-enforced.

Beatty sent couriers to the vailey, and soon the captain saw a force of fully 200 men hurrying up the mountain.

The odds were as 10 to one, but he counted on his position and repeating rifes, and the coming of friends under Seigt, McClure.

Beatty was not a fool. He was determined to capture the men about the spring, but he did not count to pay too dearly for the victory. them in the darkness we might be doing them harm," he said.
Then he ordered Hank to visit the pickets in the direction of the firing and to see that

they were alert.
The men not on picket were led beyond the wagons and to a point where they would be available to meet an attack from any direction.

The firing came nearer and nearer, till at length the shrill shouts of the compatricts could be heard, like the war-whoops of en-

could be heard, like the war-whoops of en-raged Indians.
Followed by old Carter, the captain moved down the slope in the direction Hank had taken, but he had not gone a hundred feet when he heard the quick, angry clicking made by the cocking of rifles; then, clear and firm, he neard Sergt. Carter's chal-lenge:

enge: "Hait! Who goes there?"

"A friend!" came the answer from the depths.

"All alone by yersel'?"

"Yes."

"Got a name?"
"Got a name?"
"Two on 'em."
"Let we'uns have hit, an' be d—d quick thout hit! stop thar! don't squat; I've got "Tem O'Neil," said the man.
"Tem O'Neil," said the man.
"Tem O'Neil, o'. Jackson's cove!"
"Now yer a shoutin!"
"An'union clar through;"
"Union clar through an up an'down, as well as slantin'an' sideways," said Tem

the castain.

"Then we uns is a comin' to fotch you uns."

"Don't chin so much, but get down to business!" shouted old Carter, his gray eyes blazing like an enraged lion's.

The flag of truce was withdrawn, and then the encircling line opened a wild and harmless fire on the wagons, and on the rocks in front.

After keeping this up for 10 minutes or more, a wild yell burst from the enveloping line and the cry:

"Charge! Charge! Charge!" rang out on all sides.
In anticipation of this, the captain had ordered his men to reload and to "shoot as if squirrel hunting."

Liths figures clad in butternut swept out of the woods and from belind the rocks and bounded forward like so many panthers, but they began to fall from the first half-second of their appearance

Confident of their own strength and maddened by the loss of their comrades, they swept about the rocks, and then, forming into an irregular column, they flung themselves on the wagons and the Union men were forced to give way.

One of the wagons held the rifles and ammunition brought down for expected recruits, and lealizing that it would be disastrous to lose this, the captain ordered his mon to concentrate their fire on it, for the laulit taway.

They swarmed up the rocks, and the little well as slantin' an' sideways," said Tem O'Neil.

"An' whar do you come from?"

"From Sandy McClure. He saw the signallin' an' reckoned hit was you uns."

"Who is he fightin'?"

"Dave Beatty an' his gang."

"Let the man advance." said the captain. who had soon come to the front.

"Advance," cried Hank, his rifle conveniently in the hollow of his left arm.

A tall, slender figure disentangled itself from the mass of shadow and sgrang noiselessly forward.

"By the spirit of the great smoky, but it's Tom O'Neil" shouted Hank, as he extended a hand to the man.

The scout's story was quickly told. McClure with 60 poorly-armed men was trying to make his way to Capt. Helm, of whose coming he had learned through a scout who had been sent in advance, but just as he was about to e. ect a junction, he found himself opposed by the notorious Dave Beatty and three or four hundred men.

Ralph knew the tendency of the mountaineers to exaggerate numbers, and, although eager to help his friends, he was to

They swarmed up the rocks, and the little band was fighting with desperation, but hardly with hope, when a rattling fire was heard to the left and the men on the rocks began to tumble over, and the men crowding the entrance to the camp broke in wild disorder and began to fall back.

"Hurrah! Sandy McClure's comin'!" roared Hank Carter.

Charge "shouted the captain, as he drew his swed and leaned unt the advance.

three or four hundred men.

Ralph knew the tendency of the mountaineers to exaggerate numbers, and, although eager to help his friends, he was too good a soldier to risk his little band in the darkness.

He told Tom O'Neil of his strength, and then asked him if he could make his way back to McClure again.

'I can do hit ar die a tryin'," was the undaunted reply.

'Good! Find McClure and tell him to get out of the enemy's range till daylight. When we can see I shall go to him, if he cannot come to me.

With this message the young man left and was at once swallowed up in the shadows.

The captain now drew in his pickets and every man became a camp guard. This precaution had not been taken many minutes when a wild, under the was the heart to the left and the men on the rocks becam to tumble over, and the men crowding the entrance to the camp broke in wild disorder and began to fall back.

"Hurran! Sandy McClure's comin'!" roared Hank Carter.

'Charge." shouted the capt ain, and the men dashed forward past the was ons, about which the dead and dying left, was only those mountaineers can yell, the men dashed forward past the was ons, about which the dead and dying leaves the was ons, about which the dead and dying leaves the shot probable to the captain was at once swallowed up in the shadows.

The captain cast a quick glance about him and could hardly credit his sight.

On came a swarm of tall men in butternut suits, with a sprinkling of men in the blue uniforms of the First kentucky Mounted Rides, and the captain saw rising in the midst of these rescuers, the shot-riddled colors of the old command, and the man who bore them at Corinth carried them now. When Sergeant McClure deserted, or "In out for the nills." as he expressed it, he took the colors along under the impression no doubt, that he had a proprietory interest in them.

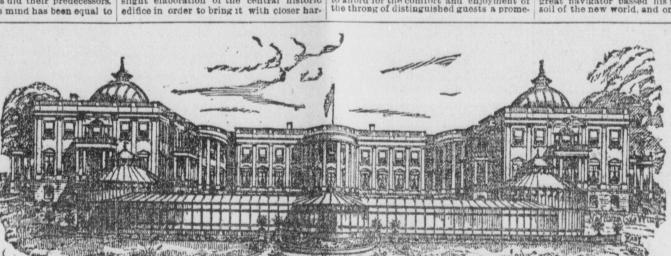
When the riflemen caught sight of their the command."

LIKE A TUILERIES.

White House.

The plans for the Same.

In the plan is Mrs. Harrison's idea corresponding to the present musion, which occupies the centre of the architectural group on the north, as an executive residence for the private entertainments. Thence proceeding towards the west and northeast, and the paralle of structures, we leave the present building at what is now the conservator over an enter the western connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reace the west or connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reace the west or connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reace the west or connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reace the west or connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reace the west or connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reace the west or connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reace the west or connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reace the west or connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reace the west or connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reace the west or connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reace the west or connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reace the west or connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reace the west or connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reace the west or connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reace the west or connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reace the west or connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reach the west or connecting range and rotunds, which will be devoted to statuary, and reach the west or connecting range and rotunds which will be devoted to st



THE WHITE HOUSE AS MRS. HARRISON WOULD REMODEL IT-SOUTHERN VIEW.

"Who is your leader?"
"Dave Beatty?"
"And you are Dave Beatty?"
"I ain't no one else."
"How many men have you?"
"More'n enough to clean you uns ont."
"Why don't you try it again, then:"
"We'll do hit after a bit," said the man.
"That's Dave Beatty sure enuff." whispered old Carter. "He'sa mighty hard nut, he is. He uster to be a tinker befo' the wah, an' he'll be a cussid saeak jist as long as he lives."

Fastening a handkerchief—it looked like black flag—to a stick. he waved it from behind a tree and called out:
"Hello, over thar!"
"What do you want?" ask the captain.

"A truce."
"What is the object?"
"I want to show you that it ain' no use for ou uns to make a fight. We uns has 10 nen to yer one, so you mout as well surrener. We'll treat you well."

er. We'll treat you well.
"No doubt."
"Then you'll surrender?"
"Thanks; not this morning."
"But you'll sive up some time today?"
"No; not today, I think."
"Then yer a gwine to fight her out?"
"You've guessed it first time," laugh

the captain.

'Then we uns is a comin' to fotch you

enemy had seized it and were trying to haul it away.

They swarmed up the rocks, and the little

Who is your leader?"

of the Yankees as a man well could have," said Capt. Loring, "but I'we changed a good deal. The fact is, it it had not been for a young Yankee officer, who, by the way, looks strikingly like you. I should have gone up. He and his doctor treated me as if I nad been a friend and a brother instead of

nad been a friend and a brother instead of a sworn enemy."

"Yes," joined in Dora, "I never met a handsomer or a more courteous gentleman than that same Capt. Stanley."

"Capt. Stanley!" exclaimed Bert "Yes; do you know him?"

"Know him, Miss Loring! We are cous-us brought up together from the cradle:

ins, brought up together from the cradle; and our fathers' plantations face each other on the Lexington pike," said Bert.

now much excited.

"If all the Yankees were like Stanley," said Capt. Loring, "the war would end in a week, and we should be better friends than ever."

"That is just as sure as that we are here.

ever."

"That is just as sure as that we are here. But let me tell you, the man that saved you also saved me."

"How was that, Capt. Gore?" asked Dora, now prefoundly interested, for her eyes were brighter and a becoming blush came to her cheeks.

"Ralph Stanley captured me; the fact is I was prowling inside the Yankee lines, and I'll confess I was in a bad box. More particularly as a Yankee named Maj. Fleming was set on hanging me. After I was sentenced Capt. Stanley and a magnificent girl. Agnes Fielding, who had come down to nurse her father, the colonel of an Ohio regiment who had been wounded at Shiloh, helped me to escape. Ralph's part in the affair was discovered, and I see by the Northern papers that the brave fellow was dismissed the service. I know he would rather be dead, but it takes from their side one of their best soldiers." said Bert.

And these three young people, all so in-

long beared that with a cargainses.
Pointing to a camp stool he said, as Bert sat down:
"This army is about to enter Kentucky, and you were sent to me as a man who could be of good use after we get into that

and you were sent to me as a man who could be of good use after we get into that State."

"Do with me as you please, general, and so long as I know I am helping the cause I shall be content." said Bert.

"That is the right spirit, and I am glad to know it is the feeling of the whole army." said Gen. Smith. proudly. Then, with a change of manner: "But I have received news this afternoon that may lead me to change my mind as to your disposition. Let me see; where was your command raised?"

"Principally in the mountains of Ken-

the emergency and has evolved a pian for a new or, rataer improved White House.

The theory of the enlargement of space for official and family uses, as Mrs. Harrison has mapped it out, is the preservation of the present mansion in all its stately simplicity and historic interest untouched, and the addition of wings on the east and west, attached to the present building by artistic colonnades, and connected the south by wide structures the south by wide structures.

The anew or, rataer improved White House, and mony with the adjacent structure. The surmounting dome affords light and air to the various corridors within and apparently rises from a central architectural production of the action of classic design with fire urns, eagles extended at the four corners.

In the pediment will be worked national emblematic designs. A portico and drive, way adjoins the main entrance on the west.

The main corridor of the official wing executed the connecting colonnades and covered gardens on the south.

The depression of testuring the confusion of returning by the same way. The southern aspect of the architectural procupy which is the most impressive, as will be seen by the illustration, conveys a striking picture of the beautiful southern facade of the present edifice, the position of the connecting colonnades and extension of the wings, with their intercommunicating conservations and covered gardens on the south.

The depression of testuring the confusion of returning by the same way.

The southern aspect of the architectural procupy which is the most impressive, as will be seen by the illustration, conveys a striking picture of the beautiful southern facade of the present edifice. The present edifice the most impressive and covered gardens on the south.

The main corridor of the official wing execution of the connecting consensuation of the present edifice. The procupy of the confusion of returning by the same way.

The southern aspect of the entire circuit. The making the entire circuit.

young lady with a beautiful pale face and a slender figure.

She looked troubled, and as it was not a "I have a fair share of each, I think," said fun and devilment. But I'll tell you suthin', cap'n."

"I believe you have, and that's why I "What is it, Betty?"

young lady with a beautiful pale face and a slender figure.

She looked troubled, and as it was not a time for formalities, she said:
"I have brought my wounded brother. Capt. Loring of the artillery, thus far from Corinth, and I want to take him home to Atlanta. I can learn nothing about the trains, and unless I cap ind a car in which he can lie down. I am afraid he cannot stand the journey. You are a soldier; will you help me?"

This was asked with anxiety in the sweet voice and pleading in the eyes.
Capt. Gore caught the name, and, gallantly raising his hat, he responded:
"It will afford me pleasure to help you in any way that lies in my power. Miss Loring. I have heard of your brother. He was wounded through the body while defending his battery at Shiloh."

"He was. Were you at Shiloh?" she asked.
"Well. I was near enough to hear the page." "said Capt. Gare, smyling, and rulp."

"I have a fair share of each, I think," said Bert.
"I believe you have, and that's why I assign you to this service. The destruction of fleim will be a feather in your cap, and after you have finished him yeu can push through and oin me in Kentucky."

"When do I start, general?" asked Bert, rising.
"In the morning. I shall have your orders ready by that time. And now one of my staff will see to your reinforcements and supplies. Good-evening and went off in great spirits, all unconscious that he was preparing to annihilate the one man he was eager to spare.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Among A STRANGE PEOFLE.

In war quite as much depends on morale as on numbers, and a first success is sure to be followed, under similar circumstances, becaused.

Many a time I've preached in that that log church you see straight ahead; preached the clar an' pure gospil to a lot of d— galoots as is now a fightin' in the rebil army. An' I feel as if I could die an' go straight home to galory, if I saw the whole caboodle of 'em a hangin' inside that from the rafters."

Not particularly plous this, to be sure, but old Carter was a good type not only of the mountain men of the present but also of the Puritans of two centuries before.

Mrs. Carter, a gaunt old woman smoking a clay pipe, and Betty Carter, the daughter, a mountain Hebe in face and form came out to meet the cavalcade, followed by all the women and children in the hamlet, including those whose men were on the other side.

Although impetuous and warm-hearted

side.
Although impetuous and warm-hearted to an unusual degree, the natives of these mountains are as stoical and undemonstrative as the Indians whom they have succeeded

ceeded.
The women rarely kiss their children and never kiss each other. Kissing is the outcome of a higher civilization, and declines in practice as men approach primitive conditions.

in practice as men approach primitive conditions.

Mrs. Carter and Betty, while yet some distance off. called out: "How-de-do, dad? How-de-do, Hank?"

The four people shook hands when they met, that was all; but demonstration is not always the best evidence of feeling.

A great fire was built in front of the church, in which it was agreed the captain should make his headquarters. About this fire the men went into camp. An ox "captured" on the march and reserved for this occasion was now slaughtered, to the great delight of the women and children, some of whom had never tasted fresh beef before.

Archy, whose presence we have not not iced for some time, was in his element on this occasion, and he secured the choicest part of the ox for his master and cooked him such a meal as he had not had since leaving home.

The huge fire, with the bronzed men and the wild eyed, unkempt women and children westered ecourt, it the changing

service. I know he would rather be dead, but it akes from their side one of their best soldiers," said Bert.

And these three young people, all so intensely wrapt up in the success of the South, sat there and praised the gallant Yankee, and felt like old friends because they knew him.

"I am half glad that Ralph is out of the service," said Bert Gore in conclusion, "for over since the war began I've had a horror of meeting on the battle-field the man who always has been and always must be to me a brother."

Dora Loring was particularly interested in this particular Yankee, and she could have heard of him with delight all day, were she not reminded of her object in first addressing Capt. Gore.

Bert was full of energy and audacity. He was known to the whole army, so that he had no difficulty in enlisting the interest of a quartermaster in Capt. Loring and his charming sister.

He never stopped till he saw the brother and sister with a section to themselves on hoard a sleeper, nor did he leave them till the train rolled away to Atlanta.

He had an appointment with Gen. Kirby Smith for that evening, and he reported on time.

The general was a middle-aged, slender, long bearded man with a baid head and glasses.

No cosmetic had ever touched her ruddy, brown face, nor cerset lound her tall, will-lowy form, which all the non-when he found himself face to face with Betty Carter.

No cosmetic had ever touched her ruddy, brown face, nor cerset lound her tall, will-lowy form, which all the non-went numer hardens and was now slaughtered, to the great delight of the women and children, some of whom had never tasted fresh beef before.

Archy, whose preserve he ave not noticed for some time, was in his element on the wind year tasted iresh bede before.

Archy, whose preserved we have not noticed for some time, was in his element on the wind, was now slaughtered, to the great delight of the women and children, some of whom had never tasted iresh beef before.

Archy, whose preserved we have not noticed for some time, was in hi

to visit the guards stationed about the camp.

He had just come within the circle of light on his return when he found himself face to face with Betty Carter.

No cosmetic had ever touched her ruddy, brown face, nor corset found her tall, willowy form, which athin, cotton wrap showed off to perfection.

There was nothing conventional about Betty, and she was ignorant of affectation, and even of the word that describes it.

Without any sign of embarrassment or self-consciousness, she faced Kalph and said:

"Cap'n, I've just heerd dad an' our Hank a talkin' bout you."

"I hope they did not say anything bad about me." said the captain rather pleased at the adventure.

"Wa'al, I rackon not. All them boys thinks right smart o' you," said Betty with refreshing naivette.

laid.

It is Mrs. Harrison's wish to complete this historic sequence of the centuries by having the extension of the executive mansion so facilitated that the memorial celebration of dedication or occupation may transpire on Oct. 13, 1892.

It is proposed to surround the entire grounds with a marble balustraded terrace, with statues and fountains, which will form a beautiful walk for the public, and afford striking views of the buildings and their picturesque landscape surroundings.

"What is it, Betty?"
"You come back har to Zion arter the wah's over, an' you say to me 'Bet Kyatah, will you have me?' sur' I'll holler yes' so loud and quick it'll make yer head swim. An' now shut yer eyes, for I'm agwine ter kiss you." said this child of nature.
And what did the captain do? Why, he brushed back his mustache and shut his eyes like a gallant gentleman.

when the sale of t A CRABBING.

The Crabs and How the Active of the Active of

shapely little "tootsey wootseys" in the water in the bottom of the boat, and agreed that they were "awfully glad" that they hadn't brought any horrid man along, because then their little "tootsey wootseys" would have had to stay in their shoes and stockings, which would consequently have gotten wet.

It is a singular fact, or, perhaps not singular at all, but merely illustrative of the p culiar idnosynerases of feminine nature, that a girl in an abbreviated bathing costume, which displays pretty near as much girl as costume, will make no bones about exposing her feet, especially if they are shapely feet, and even something more than a good section of her ankles to critical masculine scrutiny; but when she isn't clad in abbreviated and close-fitting garments the mere accidental exposure of one little pink toe causes her to blush.

It requires more luck than skill to catch crabs, and as the girls had plenty of luck they caught a goodly lot and deposited them in a big basket, and had a tip-top good time all round. But in frisking about ene of the girls accidentally knocked over the basket, though none of them noticed the accident at the time.

The first intimation that three of the girls had that the crabs were loose was a pro-

crabs, and as the girls had plenty of luck they caught a goodly lot and deposited them in a big basket, and had a tip-top good time all round. But in frisking about one of the girls accidentally knocked over the basket, though none of them noticed the accident at the time.

The first intimation that three of the girls had that the crabs were loose was a prolonged blood-curdling yell. The owner of that yell was the fourth girl, and the cause of the yell was a crab which had grabbed her by the little toe. She kicked so vigorously that the crab was sent flying the full length of the boat, and in consequence was doubtless more frightened and astounded than the girl had been.

The three other girls shrieked, too when they discovered the cause of the sudden commotion, and dropping their lines in a hiffy they took refuge on the thwatts, where they gradually ceased screaming when they would have been turned into tragedy with a vengeance.

But the tables were completely turned, and instead of four girls catching crabs it was a case of crabs catching feur girls. The boat which floated gently along the calm bosom of the Hudson. The girls meantline held a council of war, and decided they would do what girls generally do when confronted by the semblance of danger-keep on screaming.

In due time the screaming attracted.

would have been turned into tragedy with a vengeance.

But the tables were completely turned, and instead of four girls catching crabs it was a case of crabs catching four girls. The crabs held indisputed possession of the boat which foated gently along the calm bosom of the Hudson. The girls meantime held a council of war, and decided they would do what girls generally do when confronted by the semblance of danger-keep on screaming.

would do what girls generally do when confronted by the semblance of danger-keep on screaming.

In due time the screaming attracted attention, and a boat shot out from the shore, in which were two young men from New York. When the rescuing party of two drew near one of the girls suddenly remembered something, and communicated it to her companions. Then they all shouted out in chorus to the young men in the boat in peremptory tones:

"Don't come any nearer?"

"What's the matter?" howled one of the young men, as they stopped rowing.

"We've been crabbing and the crabs are all loose in the bottom of the boat."

"Well, why can't we come any nearer?"

It was ome little time before one of the girls answered, in tones hardly audible:

"Because we've got our shoes and—and—stockings off."

"Well, what are we to do about it?" was the abrupt but pertinent mesculine inquiry.

The girls held another conference. They finally decided that the young men must throw them a rope and tow their boat to the shore. When this was done and the boat with the girls had struck bottom, they directed the two young men to retire behind a point, and made them promise not to peep for five minutes. At the expiration of that time the girls were all ashore, and instead of "tootsey wootseys," dainty little shoes peeped forth from beneath their dresses.

I am able to tell this story because I was

Turkey who receive their full pay with regularity.

Wood-stone is the name of a new compound material composed of sawdust and calcined magnesia. The mixture, having been well worked up with water, is put into moulds and pressed into whatever shape may be desired. A scientific authority says it is incombustible and impermeable to water, is susceptible of a fine polish, and is adaptable to numerous uses.

The stovepipe hat, which has come to be regarded as "quite foreign, yknow."

regarded as "quite foreign, y'know," originated in the United States and was introduced into Europe by that lovely old Arcadian. Benjamin Franklin.—(Chicago News.

Germany has one doctor to 1500 of population; France, one to 3167; the United Kingdom, one to 1234; but the United States, one to 600.

Kingdom, one to 1234; but the United States, one to 600.

Mr. Gladstone, in a recent speech in the House of Commons, delivered one sentence of 214 words, which in type made 24 lines. It has been remarked of it that, notwithstanding "its extraordinary length and the more or less extemporaneous nature of its utterances, the sentence was perfectly clear and not in the least involved."

The present pope never leaves his own rooms until they have been swept and dusted, which is done as soon as he rises. He then closes all the doors and windows and takes the keys away with him.

A monstrous brass casting was successfully run at a foundry in Pittston Penn, the other day. It is a pump chamber weighing 6000 pounds. It took three men nearly a month to build the mold, and the material cost \$1500.

The original manuscript of Capt Cook's

just three centuries after, the corner-stone of the executive residence of the dominating power of the western hemisphere was laid. mearly a month to build the mold, and the material cost \$1500.

The original manuscript of Capt. Cook's "Voyage Round the World." 1768 and 1771, on board his majesty's bark Endeavor, with the captain's autograph on the last page, was sold at the sale of the Cozens manuscripts for £31.

Miss Susan Koss of Wilkesbarre, Penn, is unable to decide which of two lovers she wants. She has appealed to the deputy register of the county to decide for her, as she thinks he cught to be a good judge of men, having written out so many marriage licenses.

A correspondent at Saratoga the other

men, naving written outso many marriage licenses.

A correspondent at Saratoga the other day noticed the dimner order of a modest and fragile looking little woman in one of the big hotels. It comprised the following articles: Little Neck clams, turtle soup, bluefish, roast beef, cold boned capon, fricasseed chicken, lobster salad, stuffed green peppers, boiled new potatoes, string beans, green peas, New England pudding, cake, wine jelly, ice cream, assorted fruits, nuts, raisins and coffee. And he adds that she partook more or less of all there dishes. Her husband tasted a little soup, had a bit of roast beef with mashed potato, and some crackers and cheese.

The King of Dahomey has sent an am-

fternoom.
Flounders replenish the ocean at a very

Gea. Booth has taken steps to stop smoking in the Salvation army. He has issued an edict aunouncing that no member who smokes shall receive a promotion, and that sergeants, bandsmen, sergeant-majors, secretaries and treasurers must resign office or give up smoking.

The Heligolander's Sunday begins at 6 o'clock p. m. on Saturday, when the church belt is tolled, and ends on Sunday at the same hour. Formerly no vessels could leave port between those hours Marriage cancels every other engagement, so that there can be no breach of promise brought against a man when once he is married.

A young Detroit dentist recently eloped with a widow of that city, and since then his father has gone off with the widow's daughter.

St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, is to have a very heavy set of chimes. The bells are to be 15 in number, ranging in weight from 400 to 6500 pounds, with an aggregate of 30,000 pounds, and in tone from B flat to F. They will cost in the neighborhood of \$15,000.

\$15,006.
An English scientific person has dis-

The catalin now flow in his nockets and one swallowed up in the state of the catalin now flow in his nockets and state of the catalin now flow in his nockets and state of the catalin now flow in his nockets and state of the catalin now flow in his nockets and state of the catalin now flow in his nockets and state of the catalin now flow in his nockets and state when a wild, unearthly roll, then the state of the state of the catalin now flow in his nockets and state with a sprinkling of men in the bits of the catalin now flow in his nockets and the cracking of a document of the catalin now flow in his proposed and the catalin saw riting the deal of the catalin now flow to the coloral action of the catalin now flow the catalin now flow the coloral action of the catalin now flow the cataling of the coloral normal normal

Sophia and Amelia, and inscribed "The gift of the Princess Mary. 1804." sold for £18: an ivory walking stick, with engraved top. £11: a Malacca cane, with gold top. £8: a bamboo cane, with bloodstone top. inlied with gold, and a hazel walking stick, with amber top, and a cane with amber crutch, £29.

amber top, and a cane with amber crutch.

229.

Of the 1342 abandoned farms reported in New Hampshire a year ago, 301 are now occupied. They have nearly all been bought either by well-to-do people from cities for summer homes, or by practical farmers.

Old Nicholas Luning of San Francisco, who died the other day worth \$15,000,000, was very grasping and miserly. Some-time ago an acquaintance who met him noticed that he looked very unhappy. "What is the matter, Mr. Luning?" he asked. "Matter enough," growled the old millionnaire, "I've got \$5,000,000 lying idle in the bank, because I can't loan it at anything over 6 per cent."

An auction sale of coffins took place last An auction sale of coffins took place last week in Barlow, Fla.

week in Barlow, Fla.

Seven hundred and fifty dollars is the price of the suite of rooms on the City of New York occupied by Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln and two daughters, on their homeward journey from Europe.

Trademarks were known in ancient Babylon: China had them as early as 1000 B. C.: they were authorized in England in 1300; Guttenburg, the inventor of printing, is said to have had a lawsuit over a trademark.

a trademark. a trademark.

One of the largest forests in the world stands on ice. It is situated between the Ural and the Okhotsk sea. A well was recently dug in this region, when it was found that at a depth of 116 metres the ground was still frozen.

ground was still frozen.

A good horse mest dinner can now be had in Berlin for five cents.

Mrs. Eliza Stanton lives at the foot of Muncy mountain, 10 miles west of Bellefonte, Penn., and it is pretty well authenticated that her age is 115 years. When asked the other day if she kulled snakes, she replied: "Oh. yes: lots of them. They bite me and that makes me mad, and then I goes for them with sticks and stones."

An eighteen-year-old youth at Cleveland went to the circus and laughed so much that he has been unable to stop laughing since. Doctors say the show affected his brain.

since. Doctors say the snow affected his brain.

A Jackson, Mich., shoe dealer is trying to buy a pair of shoes belonging to a Georgia negro. The leathers are No. 15 and weigh four pound and five ounces.

One of the prettiest places at Long Branck is the Garrison villa, now owned by Mayor Fitler of Philadelphia, who paid \$65.000 for it. He is said to spend \$50.000 a year in keeping up the establishment.

The portico that is being added to Whitelaw Reid's residence at Ophir Farm will contain one hundred handsome pillars of granite.

Sir George Campbell was describing him-

contain one hundred handsome pillars of granite.

Sir George Campbeil was describing himself the other night as a devoted guerilla hanging on the rear of the goverament. He pronounced the word however, "gorilla," and he is now known under the name of the ape-like ancester of our race. Sir George Campbeil will be known as "the devoted gorilla" as long as he sits in Parliament.

Only 15 cases of insanity in any way referable to the effects of the Johnstown flood have been discovered, and of these seven had been restored. Of the eight who had not been previously insane two were quite old and one intemperate. Finally seven of these insane persons recovered under hospital treatment.

One New York firm recently sold in one

these insane persons recovered under hospital treatment.

One New York firm recently sold in one day 40,000 quarts of ice cream.

The Archducness Valerie received a dowry of 3,000,000 orns from her parents on her marriage, and she is entitled to an income from the State of about 80,000 florins a year as a daughter of the Emperor.

With the thermometer 40 degrees below zero, as we often have it in Idaho for long stretches at a time, old-fashioned arrangements for keeping you warm in ped would freeze before morning. But the electric light bulbs keep one snug and warm all the time. When I begin to get ready for bed I but the light between the sheets. By shifting it about every little while it takes the chill from the bed by the time I am undressed. As I slide in I bush the light down with my feet, and usually fall asleep with it there.—(New York Times interview.

There are now 120 women in the Berlin telephone exchanges. It has been decided to use only women in the future, as it has been found that their voices are much more audible than men's, owing to the higher nich.

about 41.800,000 pounds.

It has been computed that 36,000,000 or 37,000,000 babies are born in the world each year. The rate of production is therefore about 70 per minute.

A turbot weighing 23 pounds was once found to contain a roe of 5 pounds 9 ounces in weight, the eggs of which amounted, as Frank Buckland ascertained, to no less than

14,311,200.

Snow still remains on the ground in the Yosemite region. Many mountains in the Sierras are still covered 20 feet deep, and the result is that the meiting snow keeps the streams full, and the waterfalls are superh.

the result is that the melting snow keeps the streams full, and the waterfalls are superb.

A man 60 years old was married recently in a small German town to a woman 10 years his senior. The bride insisted upon having a great wedding, with the addition of a "special" marriage sermon from her pastor. His feelings can be imagined more easily than described when the pastor began his sermon with the text: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The wire to be used for the telephone between Paris and London is made of bronze. It is estimated that the French share of the expense of establishing the telephone will be about \$150,000. Enthusiasts believe that all the telegraphic communication will be superseded.

A complete list of the Sultan's wives shows that he has five first class wives, valides; 24 second class or morganatic wives, and some 250 third class partners, variously described as "favorites" and "slaves." The care and attendance of the female establishment require the services of 6000 persons, who are the only people in Turkey who receive their full pay with regularity.

### regularity. Under the present statutes of Missouri a person can marry, be divorced and remarry in 31 days. THE BICYCLE GIRL.

[Columbus Dispatch.] Have you seen the maiden riding, Swiftly o'er the pavements gliding. Neath her but a pair of glistening wheels, Gracefully the pedals treading,
Here and there her pathway threading?
There is nothing more immodest there than heels. "Painted ship on painted ocean"

Is not gentler in its motion
Than the wheels that spin along the way;
Luna fair is not so modest,
For she rides one wheel—the oddest
Thing—and sometimes rides by day. Carping critics watch and wonder, Hoping that the maid will blunder,

Giving proof to them that she is wrong;
But with curls o'er fair brow flying,
Frowns and austere looks defying, Woman Vowed to Wear Trousers Mrs. Kreiger has lived on a ranch on th and during that time she has not worn th

ordinary apparel of woman. So accustomed have the people of that vicinity become to her and her strange dress that they no longer notice it.

Up to fifteen years ago Mrs. Kreiger wore skirts and dresses like any other of her sex. Indeed, it appears that she had more of them, and that they were of more varied forms, textures and colors than are usually possessed by farmers' wives.

It was shortly before the change in her manner of dressing that she married William Kreizer, a thrifty German farmer and a widower, and went to live on the ranch.

For a time they got along well, but when he charged her with extravagance in dress, she hung up her pretty gowns and donned male attire. ordinary apparel of woman. So accustomed

By getting your friends and neighbors to

subscribe to The Globe. If you cannot get subscribers yourself, your wife, son or daugh. ter can do so in their leisure hours, and earn an honest penny. The Globe gives the largest com mission ever paid on a dollar weekly.

# HINTS TO MOTHERS.

"Dr. X." Replies to Some of His Critica.

That Remarkable Saked Baby of His Poes Semething New.

What a Brother Physician Who Saw It

One Hot Day Said.

To the Editor of The (4)oha: The comments on the interview with me on the care of babies in general, and the description of my method in caring for my own in particular, which interview appeared in your issue of Saturday, Aug. 9, naturally have interested me as much as anyone: and, as I am away from Boston just now, I he rewith send a few additional ideas bearing on the same topic.

First, I want, incidentally, to mention the case of a little relative of mine, now nearly 2 years old. His experience was very much hige that of my little girl. He was brought ap on the bottle. cow's milk being the food he used. He had four meals a day after he was 4 weeks old, and but three meals after the age of 5 months.
In this connection I will mention the ex-

The age of 5 months.

In this connection I will mention the experience of a physician in charge of a founding asylum, as related by him in the American Obstetrical Journal, giving the chief points in his own language, chiefly from recollection: "We had had the usual experience year after year, with our little army of babies such as all such institutions have, a great deal of sickness and many deaths, particularly in summer. Last year, however, as summer approached, I gave orders to the matron to give our babies the bottle only once in three hours; but it happened that she completely misunderstood my order, as will shortly appear.

"When the autumn frosts came round I congrafulated our good old matron on the success of our plan of infrequent feeding. Not a death had occurred during the entire season, nor, indeed, a serious sickness among our little flock.

"Yes, doctor, she replied, but it did seem awful cruel at first to feed the little things only three times a day."

"What did you say?" I inquired, fancying that I had misunderstood her, or that she had made a slip in reolying.

"I said she repeated, that it did seem to me awful cruel at first to give them little shings only three meals a day."

"Incredible as it then seemed to me, our little wards flad pot only thrived, but in a manner before waknown to us, or so far as I have yet learned, to any one, either in an institution of in private practice, on just three meals a day."

I have read the communications on this subject to The Weekly Globe of Aug. 16, and I ar, cleased to note that some of the writers are inclined to approve of my practice, or, at least, its general idea—the "manaral" plan for promoting the health and comfort of the little ones.

"Inquirer" is troubled about baby's not

Getting Baby to Sleep. 'Inquirer' is troubled about baby's no going to sleep. She tried the plan of letting baby "cry it out." Her efforts were unsatis factory. Now, it is not enough to put a baby down and leave her. We must first see that the conditions are right. If baby has a that the conditions are right. If baby has a bellyband; if she has too much clothing—too many too snug and too warm garments and covers; if she has been overfied and feels corressed from this or other causes, she cannot, of course, compose herself to sleep. Rocking her is not even then a mercy, for if it finally quiets her the effect is due to dazing the little brain, and though mamma may be deceived and her nervoussess soothed by the baby's quiet state, the little one may have got far more harm than would have resulted from prolonged crying.

Our little babe—and it is the same with all bables who are made really comfortable—goes to sleep readily on being put down on her belly when she is sleepy, and if not sleepy she lies there sometimes quietly, at other times nestling, stretching, in motion all over, first one leg, then the other, then an arma, then the back is seen to twist first one way, then the other, and then perhaps she will yawn and stretch out to her full length, ste.; but giving every indication of case. Sleep comes always in good time viz., when the little brain and nervous system require complete rest.

"Doesn't Take All of It." "Mother of Three" thinks the "natural" plan sensible, only she is not quite prepared to adopt the whole of it—the plan of leaving off all clothing, for example. She thinks as does "Mrs. D. K. E.," that it might be risky: but "Mrs. H. E. H." quotes the board of health rules, and in one paragraph we read: "It is excessive heat that destroys the lives of intants."
So it is, whenever baby is sick and the doctor is sent for, it is with excessive heat that he has to contend—feverishness.

Bearing Its Weight. "Mrs. Ellen J. B." thinks it cruel "to allow so young a babe to bear its weight on its hands and arms." It does nothing of the sort; her weight is borne by the chest, breast bone, abdomen and legs stretched on (or doubled under, as baby happens to

en (or doubled under, as baby happens to feel like doing, and the arms are only used to stretch out and move about in a way to gradually acquire strength.

The proof of the naturalness of our plan is in the complete ease and thrift attending it. About the head "wobbling about unsupports it on first one cheek, then the other between times—that is, when the little neck feels the least tired from holding the head up. That is nature's way of doing things. Two weeks more have elapsed since I told about our baby, and already she lifts herself on her elbows and lifts her shoulders up and brings her head back in a way to allow her to leok straight in our faces over the edge of her bassinette, with its eight-inch sides. This at eight weeks. The so-called forward babies on the old plan may be able to do this at six to-eight months of age.

Taking Off the Helly band.

Taking Off the Belly band. "A Matron of Experience" speaks of harn having come from mothers and babes having "taken off the bellyband." The harm was done while this band was worm the parts being made soft and weak. This matron has had no "experience" in the non-use of this flannel corset from the beginning. I find myself keeping on the "sale side" in making sure that is the right side. Risk in Nakedness.

Mother of Three" thinks it a risk to keep a baby naked even in hot weather. I have introduced several of my brother doctors to our little nude in the nursery, and they are inclined to approve. Speaking of 'that hot Tuesday," a very

busy physician said it was the hardest day he had had in a long time. "All my babies were knocked out by the

heat," he said. "What if all those little ones had been treated like this one, doctor:" I inquired;

treated like this one doctor?" I inquired; we were there watching our baby fast asleep, as cool as need be, though the day was one of the hottest.

"It would have done much." he replied. "to prevent all this trouble, but you can't get this sort of sense into the heads of more than the very few.

The fact is that during the heated term we have a torrid climate, and it would be well for us all, old as well as young, if we could arrive at an intelligent appreciation of this fact and be governed accordingly. As it is, not one man or woman in a hundred dares to make himself comfortable from the stupid fear of "catching cold," notwithstanding it is plain enough to every observer that those who take the most "care," so called, are the greatest sufferers, while the "careless" ones somehow get the best of it.

MUST LEARN EROW MEN AND THE SAVE

MUST LEARN FROM THE SAV-AGE.

Civilization's Errors Evident in the Ailments of Babies.

To the Editor of The Globe:

the savage and learn how to improve the race, so that our hospitals and lunatic asylums shall not absorb the race wholly. I have some facts and some babies to introduce to THE GLOBE in a future letter, pr.f. haps next week, if this column is open. G. Pa W.

WHISTLING GIRLS.



ELLA M. CHAMBERLIN



MRS. ELIZABETH SEYMOUR HODSON





MISS LAURA M'MANIS

WHEN SAM'WEL LED THE SING

Of course I love the House o' God. But I don't feel to hum there The way I uster do, afore

New-fangled ways had come there. Tho' things are finer now, a heap, My heart it keeps a clingin' To our big bare old meetin'-house, Where Sam'wel led the singin'.

I 'low it's sorter solemn-like To hear the organ pealin'; It kinder makes yer blood run cold.

An' fills ye full o' feelin'.
But, somehow, it don't tech the spot—
Now, mind ye, I ain't slingin' No slurs-ez that bass viol did When Sam'wel led the singin'. I tell ye what, when he struck up

The tune, an' Sister Hanner Put in her purty treble—eh?
That's what you'd call sopranne Set to, an' seemed a flingin'

Their hull souls out with ev'ry note, When Sain'wel led the singin'. An', land alive, the way they'd race Thro' grand old "Coronation!"
Each voice a' chasin' t'other round,
It jes' beat all creation!

I allus thought it must a set The bells o' heaven a-ringin' To hear us "Crown Him Lord of All."

When Sam'wel led the singin'. Folks didn't sing for money then; They sung because 'twas in 'em

An' must come out. I uster feel-If Parson couldn't win 'em With preachin' an' with prayin' an' His everlastin' dingin'—
That choir'd fetch sinners to the fold,
When Sam'wel led the singin'.

New Boston Music. From White, Smith & Co.: Piano-"For You," May Ostlere; "Darkies' Patrol.'

George L. Lansing; "Remembrance of Salamanca," L. G. Aranjo; "Christina," Dan Godfrey, Jr.; "Elementary Exercises," part 2, J. B. Duverney; "Moment Musicale." Aliments of Bables.

To the Editor of The Globe:

The most important study of mankind is the baby; the little citizen in whom is wrapped the possibilities of a thousand onward years. We need a score of men like Dr. X, to boldy put aside the accumulated nonsense of ages of superstitious grandmothers, and begin to raise children in a savace and barbarian manner.

The civilized methods produce such bad results, enslaving the whole household and making a little invalid out of baby into the bargain. What chance has the citeat Creator in nature to act upon the baby when its little stomach is constantly filled with sour food until it becomes a hopeless dyspectic or helpless with corpulency? Who has not seen many such little pigs, so fat that they could only roll and grunt?

When the baby is sick some adult is to blame. No one knows better than the family dentist how far from right are the diet and general regimen of the American children. Year after year he sees the teeth of the children deteriorate below the quality of the parents. He sees the bears in the mouth melt away—literally turn to ashesunder the starvation diet of white breading some very poor human animals in this age of civilization.

The old ways are wrong. We must go to

GLD HOMES, OLD FAMILIES. Three New England States

Heard From Today. Tales from Another Century Suggested by Ancient Dwellings.

Storied Structures Built by Patriots and Pioneers.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE congratulates its readers and itself over the evidence afforded by today's instalment in the old homestead series, that these sketches are not losing anything in quality as their publication proceeds. Several homes now occupied by families which have possessed them through three or more generations, have been suggested to THE SUNDAY GLOBE in the past week and the general interest in the series is apparently as keen as

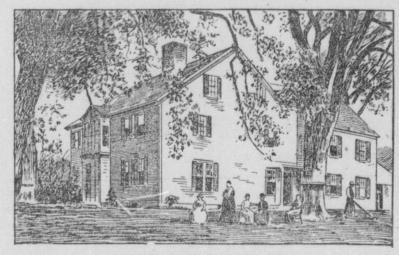
When the scattered settlers had secured the incorporation of the town of Bedford in the autumn of 1729 they set about building and South Thomaston, all originally in-

my great-grandfather John built another house on the line, and that was moved when the parochial school was built, two years ago, although two additions to the main house still remain. My father was born in 1779, and I in 1811."

Mr. Ham, although 89 years old, has, excepting a little rheumatism, the full enjoyment of all his faculties, and is very smart for his age. He was a partner with Harrison Haley in building the observatory on Garrison hill, which was part of the property of the old house. The city bought the



JOB INGRAHAM'S HOUSE, ROCKLAND, MF. hill three years ago for a public park, and



DOMINIE MANSE, BEDFORD, MASS.

an Orthodox minister of good conversation and provide for his support."

Rev. Nicholas Bower was ordained as the first minister in June, 1730. The town gave him a settlement fee of £200, agreeable to custom, besides his annual salary. He took 16 acres of land at £9 per acre in part for his "settlement." On this land he built the mansion pictured in these columns, and with his young bride, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Rev. John Hancock of Lexington, began the work of a New England clergyman of 160 years ago.

Dressed in powdered wig and short-clothes, with silver knoe and shoe buckles glistening in the sun, he moved among his people as the man of all to be respected. A little injudicious parochial work, however, brought an end to his usefulness in 1754, and he entered the service of the colony as chaplain in the army during the French and Indian wars, and died there.

His oldest daughter became the wife of Rev. Jonas Clark of Lexington, and as such was the entertainer of John Hancock and Samuel Adams at the Lexington parsonage when they were warned of their danger by the midnight call of Paul Revere.

The old manse was sold by the heirs of the deceased dominie to John Reed, Esq., in 1767. Here he and his young wife, Ruhamah Brown, instituted the Reed family of Bedford. Seven children were born to them in this mansion, and reared after the true



New England style. The principles of patriotism were faithfully inculcated here by parents who looked at the vital questions of their day from the standpoint of superior intellect and deep seated principle.

OSEPH INGRAHAM'S HOUSE, ROCKLAND, ME.

of their day from the standpoint of superior intellect and deep seated principle.

The leading townsmen congregated here and debated the great questions during the years preceding the revolution. The owner of the place was made one of the committee of inspection and was the town's mouthplece in the conventions and congresses that were often held by the dissenting colony. He represented the town in the convention to form the constitution of the State, and until his death in 1805 was a prominent citizen, and his dwelling and farm formed the leading estate of the town. The manse then became the property of his son John, and bythe death of his son Otis it fell to the fourth generation of the family, and is now the property of Mrs. Melvina Reed Lawrence, and also the home of her granddaughter, one of the sixth generation.

a meeting-house and then they called a preacher. The act of incorporation required them within three years "to settle an Orthodox minister of good conversation and provide for his support."

Rev. Nicholas Bower was ordained as the first minister in June, 1730. The town gave him a settlement fee of £200, agreeable to custom, besides his annual salary. He took 16 acres of land at £9 per acre in part for his "settlement." On this land he built the mansion pictured in these columns, and with his young bride, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Rev. John 1781.



JOSIAH INGRAHAM'S HOUSE, ROCKLAND, ME.

The three houses were probably built about the same time, and not far from the close of the last century. The Ingraham farms were selected with a view to their future maritime and commercial advantages, which the three brothers were not slow to utilize, all of them becoming men of wealth and influence.

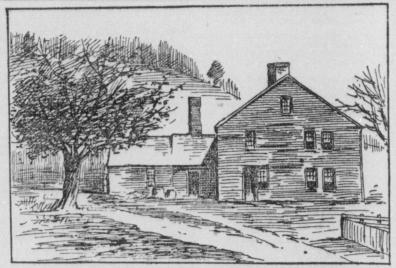
The country around them at the time was an almost unproken wilderness. They purchased their land of Mai. Gen. Knox, who had succeeded to the ownership of nearly the whole of the famous Waldo patent, stretching from the Penobscot bay on the east to the Muscougus river on the west, and from the southern extremity of St. George and Pemaguid on the south to a line far enough north to include a territory of about 30 square miles. Their only communication by land was with the settlement of Ft. George, now Thomaston, by a wild and round wood road, through the primeval forest. Their negotiations were conducted with knox himself, who rode over with them when they made their selection.

Selection.

Their first habitations were undoubtedly the ordinary log cabins of that primitive period the houses recresented in the pictures having been built many years later.

The descendants of Job, now in the fourth The descendants of Job, now in the fourth generation, still own the property of their great-grandfathers. Josiah lagraham's house has also sheltered at least four generations, while the hird house which was built by Joseph Ingraham, has likewise sheltered fou generations and is now occupied by Mrs. Sylvia Ingraham and her son.

Job Ingraham was a man of energy and pluck, an untiring worker, devoting himself to farming, lumbering, and in connection with his brothers to lime burning, then in its infancy as a Knox county industry.



THE JOE HAM HOUSE, DOVER, N. H.

The oldest house in Dover, N. H., is what is called the Joe Ham place. It is situated at the foot of Garrison hill and lies in from the road about one-eighth of a mile. It is a two-storyhouse, built of brick with clay THE GLOBE correspondent went to the

THE GLOBE correspondent went to the louse and was very pleasantly received by loseph Ham, the present owner, and his daughter. Miss Theresa.

The house was built in 1680, by Ebenezer Varney, a Guaker, and three generations of his family lived there. The last one. Jacob Varney, died in 1828. In 182%, John Ham, father et Joseph, bought the house and farm, and in 1837 moved into it, and three generations have lived in it since the purchase.

cation can make a writer," says Amelia E.

In the house are 13 rooms, and mostly large ones. In the sitting-room is what is called a buffet, built in a corner, and it is quite a curiosity, as there is not another in the city of Dover,

The Hams have quite a history outside this house, and had another homestead, "My great-grandtather," said Joseph Ham to The Grobe correspondent, "came from Pertsmouth when 15 years old and went to live in the old garrison house which was kept by John Hurd. At 19 he married Hurd's daughter, and in 1743 built him a house in a field down towards where the city now is. When a road was run through,

"I had buried all my children but three. I had drank the widow's bitter cup.

"I had buried all my children but three. I had one of self cup malled free to sufferers from youthing house in a field down towards where the city now is. When a road was run through," it is variorums."

The spreading elms that shelter the croquet ground of the sixth generation shaded the mother of the first generation when giving her daughter lessons at the spinning wheel 123 years earher, and the old wheel stands dumb in the snaci us drawing-room where the notes of the piano are substituted for its once busy hum.

The well kept wainscoting makes an excellent background for the oil faces that have kept their silent vigil there for more than a century, while in every nook may be seen precious heirlooms of the family.

The old Bible is open at the favorite morning lesson of the hero of the revolution: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil."

The foot stove carried by the young hands of the present owner for her venerable granemother to the cold meeting house is a well-kept relic, decked in ribbons, and the warming-pan stands on the broad staircase as of yore, when used to remove the chilf from the homespun sheets of a hundred years ago. The traveller of today drinks at the dominie well" and receives a cordial welcome at this house, as have the hundreds who have gone before him across the same threshold.

The oldest house in Dover, N. H., is what

actions. He was 13 times chosen town clerk and filled other offices of trust and importance.

Josiah was engaged in commerce and navigations during all the earlier and more active part of his life. He built the schooner Dolphin, the first vessel ever constructed in his immediate vicinity. According to family traditions, he afterwards made several voyages to the East Indies, which, owing to the temporary interruption of our trade with the West Indies, proved very lucrative.

The Ingraham family is now numerous, and helds a large reunion every year.

Four brothers of one branch of the Ingraham family are noted for the fact that they have all of them been leading sea captains. Capt. Otis Ingraham is commander of the steamer Penobscot: Capt. Mark Ingraham is commander of the Boston & Bangor Steamship Company. Capt. Orris Ingraham is first pilot of the steamship Company. Valentia, of the New York & New Brunswick Steamship Company, while the fourth brother, now retired from the sea, Capt. David H. Ingraham is a member of Maine's State valuation committee.

What One Woman Can Do. "My own firm conviction is that no edu

cation can make a writer," says Amelia E

William Hanlen's Miraculous Escape From Death.

Rapidity of Fall Surpassed by Quickness of Thought.

NEW YORK, Aug 24.-In doing the forward "giant swing" on a bar in the centre the vaulted ceiling of the Academy of Achie last night. William Hanlon fell and was slightly injured, his escape from death eing miraculous. The act is to swing the body rapidly in a circle just as a spoke does in a revolving wheel. His hands and the bar were the hub and axle of the wheel.

to this day all strangers on their way up the hill stop to see the "Ham place," and are shown the oldest house in Lower and the ludian bullet marks made during the war where Mai. Waldron was killed.

The bar was suspended from four stiff wire guys.

Hanlon's body had swung around four times and had just begun the fifth revolution when the har fell at one end. The guys times and had just begun the fifth revolu-tion when the bar fell at one end. The guys had given way that held up the north end had given way that held up the north end and dropped that end of the bar three feet. The guy ropes had swung the trapeze toward the edge of the safety net. Yet he concluded that a slight contortion of his body would enable him to strike it, and he opened his hands and shot downward. All this mental calculation went on while the audience was still uncertain that it was a genuine accident they were being treated to.

As William fell with his eyes wide open and all his wits about him he prepared, when about half way down to strike the net on his back, and so distribute his weight about the surface. So he drew his knees up, threw his head back, and in a twinkling his body was in a horizontal position, and was perfectly rigid.

about the surface. So he drew his knees up, threw his head back, and in a twinkling his body was in a horizontal position, and was perfectly rigid.

But his second thought conflicted with his first in regard to the chances of striking the net. During the fraction of a second the mind of the falling gymnast was in a state of repose. Then he struck against he guy rope that held the net, and his brain was again alive. He did not know whether it was the edge of the net or the rope which he had struck, but he knew with the rapidity of the bullet's flight that he was not destined to try the strength of the net, and so he did what every gymnast does instinctively when he finds himself falling with no certainty of a landing place. This, in the vernacular of gymnasts, is balling up." It consists in drawing up the legs, ducking the head down to the knees and drawing it into the waist as far as possible, and folding the arms so as to protect the knees and the top of the head. This position was secured by a single motion of the gymnast's ready muscles, and in this position he crashed down in the parquet. His fall from the traneze to the floor occupied about three seconds. But in this short time the brain of the falling man had a chance to grasp the entire situation, to speculate upon the chance of escaping in ury and to devise methods of falling with a view to safety.

It was also quite long enough to enable him to assume three distinct positions. While he lay among the broken seats and before he began to speculate what injuries he had received, the gymnast wondered whether he had fallen upon anybody, and to think how lucky it was that he was able to think at all. Then a dreamy feeling crept over him and consciousness fled.

Haulon struck a chair in the orchestra circle with the left side of his head. The iron chair back was smashed into fragments. The audience thought him dead, but two physicians declared that he had received only a scalp wound.

"Pm all right," said Hanlon today. "When the steel cable snapped and I found

bruises."

The injured acrobat was lying on a cot in the New York hospital as he told his story, with his wife at his side. The report of the house surgeon was that the patient had sustained but slight injuries.

HOW TO BE AN ACTOR.

The Art Exemplified by a More of Less Distinguished Tragedian. [New York Daily News.]

Loungers about Union sq. the other day saw a short, thick-set man talking earnestly and in rather an eccentric manner to a diminutive young lady, blonde as to com plexion and hair, but dressed in black and in a much quieter style than actresses usu ally attire themselves in. The lady wanted to be an actress.

Her interviewer was Tragedian James emphasis on a word he would bring his index finger down on the girl's shoulder and dex finger down on the girl's shoulder and stamp his foot. Then he would suddenly veer around, as though he thought the trees in the park were about to fall on him.

But only one or two of the bassing pedestrians gave him a glance, and the small boys on the benches only stared hard.

"I'm afraid I couldn't take the leading part in your play." said the girl. "I've had a very little experience, and what I had was on the amateur stage."

"Nay, nay. What matters that? It is very easy," said he. "I will coach you myself in all the principal scenes, and you will find that you will get through all right, Now, at Boston, where I played behind a net.—"

Now, at Boston, where I played behind a net—"
"But, sir—"
"Nay, nay, good girl; I will have it so. The art of acting is an easy one. When you read your lines and come to a comma you pause and count one; for a semicolon, two; for a colon, three, and for a period, four. That is the whole art of acting."
The birds twittered merrily in the trees; and the reporter, having learned how to become a Booth, hurried out of the park and up Broadway to a theatrical agency to get an engagement.

Life Saved by the Turn of a Card.

Before the war a man was on trial in Lauderdale county for murder. The circumstantial evidence against the man was very strong, and when the jury retired and took a ballot the result was six for conviction and six for acquittal. It remained this way for two days and nights, neither side showing any disposition to change their

minds.

At last one of the jury named Silvertooth proposed a game of seven up between the opposing sides, one man to be selected from each side, and whoever won the tosing side were to stand by the result. This was agreed to, and Silvertooth, who was in favor of acqu thing the prisoner, and another juror, who was strongly in favor of conviction commenced the rame. It was a hotly contested game, and each juror had scored six points when it came Silvertooth's time to deal. deal. He shuffled the cards carefully and dealt

forth the sufficient number to each, and then turned a jack, which made him win the game and saved the prisoner's lite. The six who were for conviction voted with the other six for acquittal, and the prisoner was discharged from custody.

Didn't Ask for a Sash.

Puck.]

Cold-victual Billy—Say, Ma'am, couldn't yer gimme an old vest?

Mrs. Goodsole—Why. I shouldn't think you'd want one with that flannel shirt.

Billy (stiffening)—Madam, do you suppose I want to look like one of those dude tour-



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Type Setting Machine, the Cotton Gin, etc.

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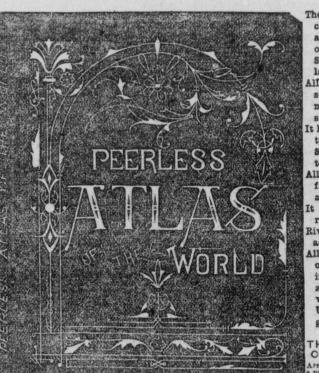
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